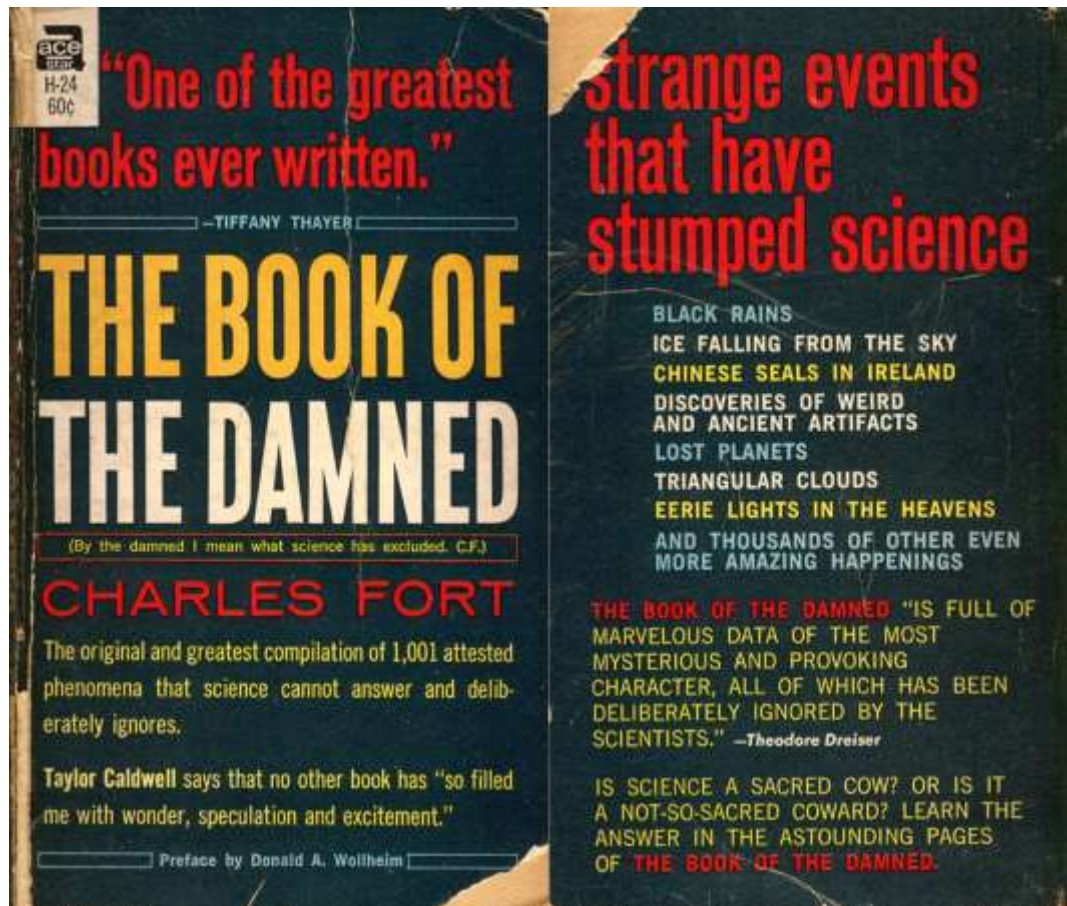


"According to social conventions, it is said that one can speak the truth only when it is palatable to others. But that is not truthfulness. The truth should be spoken in such a straight and forward way, so that others will understand actually what the facts are. If a man is a thief and if people are warned that he is a thief that is truth. Although sometimes the truth is unpalatable, one should not refrain from speaking it. Truthfulness demands that the facts be presented as they are for the benefit of others. That is the definition of truth."

~ Bhagavad-gita As It Is. Chapter 10 Text 4



I want to tell you about a time about 50 years ago when I was just a little boy living in Virginia. We only lived in Virginia for about a year but it was the best of times and, of course, the worst of times when we had to leave.

But I am getting ahead of myself. Let's start at the start.

First I want to tell you that I am just one of the six people in my immediate family that lived there. So my little story is just one-sixth of the whole truth. It is just this one person's narrative. There are 5 other points of view that you won't get from reading this. So you must understand that I may have some facts wrong but it is the best I can do and I hope you will forgive my errors. I can't tell you how anyone else felt about anything or how they perceived events as they unfolded. I can only tell you to the best of my ability what I experienced and what I felt. That is all.

Second I want to say out loud: I LOVE MY MOTHER AND MY FATHER.



They both had to deal with a lot of sh*t that I don't know anything about. Anything that happened to me as a result was my karma. And theirs. We all have to suffer and enjoy in this life as we did in the past and as we will in the future. It is all fair. That is my opinion.
2011

060892 2326 Virginia bits

Going out in the fresh rain. Yellow bright raincoat with big side pockets. "Keep your hood on and you won't get sick!"

Splattering water feels soothing with its own flavor of energy.

Walking in the puddles and little rivers by the empty curb. No cars go down Almond avenue.

My boots splash and nudge stones. White, pink, yellow, orange. All smoothies. Good safe feel. Put it in your pocket. Another one and another.

Almond avenue goes two ways. One way goes to school and the stores. And the mobile library with Winnie the Pooh and Piglet.

The other way goes to the woods and the creek, crickets, grasshopping bugs of every size and color. Flying grasshoppers. I'd catch them one by one and put 'em in a mayonnaise jar with a stick inside for them to climb around on. Holes for air in the lid.

060892 2336

The creek was full of crawfish and newts. The crawfish were pretty easy to catch with your bare hands and plop 'em into a jar of water.

Newts were a lot harder to catch. None of us ever came close. Except once.

We were all at the creek on a hot day during summer vacation. Me, Larry and Paul.

Three crawfishermen with their three trusty mayonnaise jars. Men against crawfish in a bare handed brawl of speed and sleight of hand. It was going too easy. Crawfish were falling into our jars.

There on a wet rock was a red-brown newt. My hand snapped out and caught his tail. I had him. "Put him in the jar!"

My jar was behind theirs. I couldn't put it in his jar. He might not give it back. So I tried to hurry to my jar but I just couldn't. Oh no. I dropped him. In tears.

Almond Ave. A fairy tale. Bittersweet grass with Sheba lying next to me. Green eye and blue. White fluffy hair. On her leash.

Frogs jump right out of small dirt mounds. Catching newts and baby crawfish. Bare handed and barefoot. The little creek trembling through the woods and rocks and leaves. Little boys and their first and last taste of true happiness. Togetherness.

Mom's dried biscuits. Late nights by myself. Chiller theater and dry biscuits. The start of my separation?

Visited Richmondtown Settlement with Leroy yesterday. Tin smith. Basket weaving. Linen spinning.

It reminded me of Virginia. Finding a genuine Civil War bullet. Being caught in the rain among the trees. Running from lightning.

Jamestown. Sparks of past life. Dad was there. Where else was he?
At Eskimo Pie.

I specifically remember once being locked in the bathroom on Thanksgiving day. I was around 8 or 9 years old. We had finally moved into an apartment after being forced to abandon our house/home in Richmond, Virginia. Abandoned the apple trees, the peach tree, the blackberry bushes and the raspberry bushes, the forest, the creek, the crawfish, the newts, the frogs, the turtles, the crickets and flying grasshoppers. Secret agent games. Winnie the Pooh and the mobile library. Green Gomez the Wishnik and Clanky and the Indian and Eskimo Pie. Sheba my kitty. Civil war bullets. It's funny what a person remembers.



My problems that had gone away had returned. My fear of a return to being abused by relatives in NY. I refused to do number 2. So, on Thanksgiving day, in order to induce me, with the threat of no turkey and no movie if I didn't, they locked me in the bathroom and made me sit on the toilet until I went. At the same time my mother and father and brothers and sister had Thanksgiving dinner and then they all sat in the living room watching the Wizard of Oz. I sat with my pants down on the cold toilet bowl for hours. Hearing the movie.

Not crying. Not doing number 2.

Until bedtime. With no dinner.

Old school therapy session lol

Today they would be arrested.

It's no wonder I am so anti-social.

Well at least that's another reason among many.

But only for the grace of Krishna (God)

I wouldn't be able to write about it.

012297 catholic

One of these days I would like to write a great novel, but for now, this will have to do. What this is, I am sure, I don't really know yet, but it is a start, I think.

Words, descriptions, pictures, thoughts, wishes – they have no value except in relation to the Lord.

“Man proposes, God disposes.”

“For one who has taken birth, death is certain; and for one who dies, birth is certain.”

What do I know about God?

When I was a child in catholic school I was taught by authorities – priests, nuns, catechism – that all men were made in the image of God. They also taught that all men were born with sin – original sin – which could not be forgiven except through acceptance of the sacrament of baptism.

Jesus Christ was my first siksa guru. He was called the Son of God. He was depicted in all paintings as a fair-skinned, blue-eyed, bearded young man with a benevolent countenance and an ever-present halo around his head.

Jesus was our savior. He was our shepherd and we were his sheep. He loved us and only wanted our love in return. He was the Son of God and God was his Father as well as the Father of all mankind.

God the Father was very old, fair-skinned with profusely flowing long white hair and beard. He was always in the clouds in the sky. He was a stern and sometimes fierce-looking God of punishment and vengeance. If you sinned you could expect swift and merciless retribution from God the Father. And if He somehow missed punishing you for your sins, Sister George Vera was there to make sure your punishment was not overlooked.

So we were taught to love the Son but to fear the Father. Behave yourself or suffer eternal damnation in hell.

970810 I never chanted

Srila Prabhupada and Sri Sri Radha Govinda allowed me to lead the chanting for Prabhupada's Guru Puja today at the Brooklyn temple. I chanted slowly and surely and didn't try anything fancy. It was a very nice feeling to lead the chanting again.

I never chanted for Sri Sri Radha Govinda before. Not even at 55th street. They were very merciful to me.

970825 SP Vyasa Puja offering

Srila Prabhupada – there is no way to truly glorify your transcendental personality, your transcendental activities, your transcendental accomplishments, or your transcendental mercy upon the fallen conditioned souls.

You are the embodiment of the 26 qualities of the pure devotee. You are expert in all 9 processes of devotional service. You are the expert preacher, the expert philosopher, the expert psychologist, the expert scientist, and the expert author. You are expert in every facet of Krishna Consciousness.

You are the expert disciple. His Divine Grace Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Goswami gave you these instructions - print books and preach in the west. You took up the order from his mouth and with unflinching faith in your guru you transformed the entire world.

You are the expert guru. You planted the seed of devotion to Krishna here, at 26 Second Avenue, in the stone-like hearts of the mlechas. Through your love, patience, tender care and unlimited compassion, that seed has sprouted and grown, transforming those mlechas into saintly personalities, lovers of God.

You are the expert devotee of Krishna. You know perfectly the science of Krishna Consciousness. You are the best cook, the best pujari, the best singer, the best musician, the best logician and the best at cleaning Krishna's temple.

You are the most confidential servant of Krishna, and yet you are His most humble servant.

yasya prasada bhagavat prasado
yasya prasada na gati kuto pi
dyayamstuvams tasya yasyas trisandhyam
vande guroh sri caranaravindam

By the mercy of the spiritual master one receives the mercy of Krishna.

By your Bhaktivedanta purports you truly have given us the mercy of Krishna.

Every moment of your life, every word, every action, every gesture, every look – was in the service of Krishna.

The greatest acarya of all!

Srila Prabhupada ki jaya!



11-10-97 a small part

This story has no beginning and no ending. There is only a small part of the in-between.

Now, you might say to yourself, that is a beginning. And you have every right. Except you are wrong. I should know. I'm writing this story, aren't I? I make the rules. I set the standards. I! I! I! I hope that is clear. Please don't interrupt me again. You are the observer, the listener, the reader. If you wish to derive the full benefit of this story, if you want to hear and understand the message I am broadcasting then do not try to derail my train of thought. Thank you.

You are eternal. I am eternal. I'm not talking about our bodies. They are temporary. The soul is what I am talking about.

Have you ever read the Bhagavad-Gita (as it is) by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami? If you have not, you must get a copy. Don't waste time. Your life is at stake. I'm serious.

In the second chapter you will find this verse –
text 20

na jayate mryate va kadacin
nayam bhutva bhavita va na bhuyah
aja nityah sasvato yam parano
na hanyate hanyamane sarire

translation -

For the soul there is never birth nor death. Nor, having once been,
does he ever cease to be. He is unborn, eternal,
ever-existing, undying and primeval.
He is not slain when the body is slain.

purport –

...the soul is not born, but, because he takes on a material
body, the body takes its birth. The soul does not take birth
there, and the soul does not die...and because the soul has
no birth, he therefore has no past, present or future. He is
eternal, ever-existing and primeval – that is, there is no
trace in history of his coming into being...

There is no beginning. There is no ending. There is only
the telling of what happened during a small part of the
in-between.

His body took birth in a hospital. Greenpoint Hospital if
you must know. That's in Brooklyn. That's in New York
City. That's in New York State. That's in the United States
of America. That's on the surface of the planet Earth.
You've heard of those places haven't you?

some stories don't have
a clear beginning, middle,
and end. life is about not
knowing, having to change,
taking the moment and making
the best of it, without knowing
what's going to happen next.
delicious ambiguity...

-gilda radner

Feeling out of place?

Sunday, December 21, 2008 at 6:13am

No one belongs here
this world is temporary
this world is home to duality
happiness and distress
heat and cold
summer and winter
life and death

We are all ETERNAL spiritual sparks
full of bliss and knowledge
somehow or other
mostly due to envy
we have become trapped
in the prison of the material world

No one belongs here
we are out of place here
when one realizes this
it is a small sign of advancement
on the spiritual path
back to home
Back to Godhead



Why - just a word.

Saturday, December 20, 2008 at 1:39pm

Tell me why.

Why did I do that?

Why didn't I do that?

Why am I in this particular place and time and circumstance?

Why do I think one person is a friend and another person not?

Why does one person like me and another person dislike me?

Why did I say that?

Why didn't I say what I really wanted to say?

Why did what I say not accurately convey what I meant to say?

Why didn't I just say nothing?

Why didn't I say something?

Why do I remember?

Why do I forget?

Why do I think I am smart?

Why am I stupid?

Why do I think I am happy?

Why am I sad?

Why do I think I am brave?

Why am I afraid?

Why do I think I am successful?

Why am I a failure?

Why do I think I am independent?

Why do I need?

Why do I feel superior?

Why do I feel inferior?

Why am I emotional?

Why am I callously indifferent?

Why do I think I am important?

Why am I insignificant?

Why am I lazy?

Why do I want to be wanted?

Why do I want to be left alone?

Why do I love?

Why do I hate?

Why am I never satisfied?

Why can't anyone help me?

Why can't I help anyone?

Why can't I help myself?

Why am I invisible?

Why do I stick out like a sore thumb?

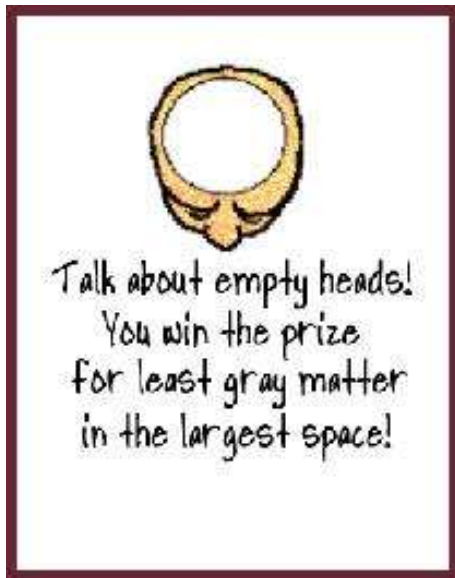
Why am I ugly?

Why do I have so many questions?

Why do I take so many things for granted?

Why do I bore people?
Why do people bore me?
Why am I not bored?
Why am I serious?
Why am I frivolous?
Why do I matter?
Why do you matter?

Why do I care?
No one will bother to read this anyway.
Why?



The words always fall short

Friday, December 5, 2008 at 6:33am

I want to write something that will change the way everyone, including myself, thinks, feels and acts. I want to write words that will inspire us to embrace each other, knowing that I am you and you are me in the sense that we all want the same things - love, peace, comfort, compassion, harmony, trust, truth, abundance and fearlessness.

No matter what I write, when I see it in print, it always seems empty and hollow and missing the point. These few words are a perfect example.

Why is it so hard for me to just say - "I love you."?

Change! What change?

Wednesday, December 3, 2008 at 12:18am

So -

The "people" have spoken and voted in the bringer of change - Mr. Obama.

I know he isn't the president yet, but it is becoming increasingly obvious to any unbiased observer that his announcements of persons he wants in his cabinet and inner circle are all the same old same old. Is there even one person that is new to this scene?



While the politicians take all of our money and hand it over to their best friends, relatives, and supporters - the failed bankers, mortgage brokers, etc... We the people have absolutely no say in it at all. After they throw all our money away and the failures keep on failing - we will be left holding the bag - the bag of crushing debt. They keep their limos and multiple mansions and fat bank accounts and we keep scrimping and starving.

In case you didn't know - that is their plan. That has always been their plan. Fear is the greatest motivator. Fear of terrorism, fear of losing your job, fear of losing all your money, fear of hunger, fear of dying. Fear will make you do almost anything.

Don't be afraid!

We must stop putting our faith in lying, cheating, murdering scoundrels.

Put your faith in God. Krishna, Rama, Chaitanya, Buddha, Allah, Jehovah, Yahweh.

That is the only lasting solution to any and all of the problems we are facing.

Let the banks fail, let the brokers fail, let Wall Street fail, bring back all of our youth from Iraq and Afghanistan and anywhere else where they are engaged in murdering for illicit usurpation of other's properties.

Start thinking spiritual, not material. Start thinking for yourself.

Your true self - the soul.

Turn off the propaganda news channels. Stop reading the propaganda newspapers.



Start reading your Bhagavad-gita, Bible, Koran, etc... Start praying.
Prayer is a powerful tool. When done with sincerity it purifies your entire existence. You will think clearly and act properly.

Look inside yourself and you will find the answer in your heart of hearts.
Look for love and light, not fear and darkness.
Trust in the Lord and not the cheaters who want to lord it over you.

A small piece of a work in progress. Sorry if it offends anyone.

Monday, November 3, 2008 at 6:32pm

I can't hear you
because there's a train roaring through my headphones
and I can't see you
because there's an lcd screen glued to my eyes
and I can't touch you
because there's a game console in my hands
and I can't talk to you
because there's someone more important on my cell phone.

A small poem on a rainy day

Friday, September 26, 2008 at 8:49pm

Free falling feathers of rainwater
cascading - floating softly
mutely surrendering to their silent descent
saturating and cleansing
an indiscriminate mystery
infinitesimal, yet all encompassing
seeds of life.

This written piece is just so inadequate in describing how the rain fell today, how it looked and sounded and felt as it dropped from above. It is my humble attempt at capturing its effect on my blunt senses. It is full of fault, but I pray it will be appreciated by you.

John/Jagannatha

What the wind has said

Monday, September 29, 2008 at 8:07pm

Do you ever listen to the wind?
It whispers, it talks, it sings.
It cries, it howls, it shrieks.
Sometimes I try to listen.
Most times, I must confess,
I don't understand what
the wind is saying.
But sometimes,
in very rare moments
of quiet and solitude,
amidst the incessant cacophony
of the motors running
and the jacks-hammering
and the insane quarreling
of the senses-numbing,
compassion deficient
"civilized" world -
the voice of the wind glides in
and around, swirling, curling, trembling
and its sweet soft voice speaks to me.

The wind tells me
"Your kings have become
no better than jackals.
Soon the rains will stop falling.
The lakes and rivers and oceans
will dry up.
The jungles and forests
will wither and die.
The noisy engines
will grind to a halt.
The cities will crumble.
You will have no food.
You will have no shelter.
You will perish.
I know these things
because I have seen them happen before,
so many times that I have lost count."
And then it laughs -
not a loud and brash laugh -
but a sad and cold resigned laugh
that goes right through me
and makes my teeth chatter
and my entire being shiver
with remembrance.

And then it goes away.
And when I tell anyone
what the wind has said -
they laugh at me.
Like jackals.



10 03 2011

life is sometimes called a journey
life is sometimes called a bitch
life is hell sometimes
life is heaven sometimes
every second and every moment
and every hour and every day
and every month and every year
and every decade and every century
and every millennium
life and everything in it
changes changes changes
my body
and the world I live in
have been experiencing change after change
for two score and 16 years now
and I still don't know
who I am
or where I belong
or what to do about it
or even if I should do something about it
I DON'T KNOW SH*T!



since I took birth in this corner of the universe
I have been a child
and I have tried to raise children
I have laughed
and I have cried
so much smiles and cries
I have told the truth
and I have lied
I have loved
and I have hated
I have been beaten
and I have beaten others
I have been cheated
and I have cheated
I have experienced pain
and I have experienced pleasure
I have obeyed man-made laws
and I have broken them
I even have tried to obey God's perfect laws
and I've broken probably every one of them too

I am tired of all of the changes
all the perpetual duality
always having to feed this lump of flesh
and wash it
and feed it
and just all the constant maintenance
and all for naught
because it's always breaking down
and getting sick
and as it ages
it breaks down more and more
and gets sick more and more
until it's useless
and it's unattractive
and it's always smelly
and downright repulsive
mirror-cracking disgusting
not that my particular body
was ever attractive to begin with

I am just worn down
by this non-stop Ferris wheel existence
I would never end it myself
I have no desire to be a ghost
I am just saying

what I feel other people are feeling
I think I am not the only one
with these thoughts and feelings
to be continued

10 06 2011

Waiting for the death train

It's like when I go to Grand Central Station to take the subway. Some people are already there waiting who knows how long for the express train to come. Then I show up and find an open spot on the platform to wait with everyone else. Some of those people have been there for 30 minutes and some for 15 or 10 or like me just a minute or two. Then some more people come down the stairs to wait. And now I'm looking at my watch and I've been here 7 minutes now. And more people are coming down the stairs. We're all waiting for the same train.

But we all know what the next stop will be, whether we are heading uptown or downtown, we are certain we will arrive at our chosen destination.

Not with death.

Isn't it a similar situation here on this planet as in the train station waiting?

Some people have been on this planet for 70 years and some for 60 years and even longer. I've been here 56 years. My siblings have been here for 57, 54 and sorry but I'm not gonna say baby sister's. My children have been here even less years and my grandsons have barely had time to grow yet. And more are born into this world as I write this. And whether you admit it or not the fact is we are all waiting to die. Not like moping around and whining "Oh, woe is me I'm going to die! Let me just curl up in a ball and cry till it's all over"! I mean we are all waiting for that death train.

The one difference that I see is that with the express train, either the 4 or 5, uptown the next stop is 59th Street and downtown the next stop is 14th Street Union Square. But on the death train you don't know what the next stop is going to be.

I'm just saying it would be nice to know where the f*ck I was going.



We believe anything they tell us
DST to EST to DST

11/08/2011 EST

at 2 am on november 7 2011
we were all told here in the good old usa
to "turn our clocks back" one hour
and it magically became 1 am once again
BECAUSE
we were all in eastern standard time

now we WERE
in daylight savings time
up until 2 am on november 7 2011
you know daylight savings time
that was before 2 am on november 7 2011
and after 2 am on march 13 2011

come on, you remember
then we were all told here in the good old usa
to "turn our clocks forward" one hour
and it magically became 3 am
BECAUSE
we were all in daylight savings time

First of all
NOBODY is "turning" a clock either backwards
or forwards
everything is digital
everything is automatic
all of our little hand held
gizmos and doohickeys know better than we do
if we are in standard time
or
if we are in savings time

Second
but most important
at least I think it is
don't you see the absurdity of it
is it 2 am or is it 1 am
if it is really 1 am standard time
THEN
what we are being told is this:

YOU DON'T EXIST!!!

SH*T! WHAT THE F*CK YOU SAY!!!!

Yeah you don't exist
if we are told
a whole hour did not exist
then doesn't it stand to reason
that you ask the question
did any of the hours
in daylight savings time
ever really exist?
and vice versa
when the sh*t jumps ahead one hour
what the f*ck happened there?
do you mean to tell me
that we are all traveling
backwards and forwards in time
through the god-like powers
of the almighty clock?

NO
you can't travel back and forth
through time
I don't give a rat's petooty
about what the "genius scientists" say
you CAN get trapped in a dimension
where time is slower and you age slower
and you stay younger longer but
I digress

What this time hop-scotch is about
is control of your existence
playing keep away with your freedom
playing keep away with your life
playing keep away with your time
and if your time don't exist

NEITHER DO YOU!



11 11 2011

There are moments when this real self of mine shines out of me, and there are other moments when I feel compelled to camouflage my real self.

If I am anything as a person, it is what I

think

judge

feel

value

honor

esteem

love

hate

fear

desire

hope for

believe in

and

am committed to.

These are the things that define my person, and they are constantly in process, in the process of change. Unless my mind and heart are hopelessly barricaded, all these things that define me as a person are forever changing.

My person is not a little hard core inside of me, a little fully-formed statue that is real and authentic, permanent and fixed; person rather implies a dynamic process. In other words, if you knew me yesterday, please do not think that it is the same person that you are meeting today.

I have experienced more of life, I have encountered new depths in those I love, I have suffered and prayed, and I am different.

And so are you.

Today I am almost finished reading LAME DEER, SEEKER OF VISIONS. When I am done I will start reading BLACK ELK SPEAKS. They are both holy men, medicine men, men of vision and these books are their truthful words from their own truthful mouths. Not mouths full of lies like our current world leaders.

I want to have an attraction only for the truth. Serve it up cold and bitter, or serve it up warm and savory, or just dump the whole thing on top of my empty head, just gimme the truth. It is the only thing that cures all.

Please fill my cup with the truth until it runs over.



11 22 2011

What a fool believes

being a fool I have some
real experience in
foolishness
fooling myself
fooling others
and just plain
foolishness
I'm fooling myself bigtime
I fooled myself into believing
my tunnel vision
in a tunnel world
it's not reality
it had a beginning
and the end is nearing
it was all an illusion

during the light of day
it doesn't exist
when the sun rises
that shadow world disappears
and it's just me
again
my reality
a fool's reality

a creature of the night
now
or have I always been
living in shadow
seeing in the dark
I'm not a vampire
nor a werewolf
brother residents of the nocturne
although I see them sometimes
they don't scare me
I scare them

a big test is on my dark horizon
will I crumble
will I stumble
will I ...

I think it is all
just my imagination
running away from me
and I can't catch up
I run
with all the energy I have
I stretch my arms out
and reach as far as possible
legs churning
in pursuit
of a dream
always
bitter always
just out of reach
so close I can almost
taste
smell
see
hear
but just can't get close enough to touch
my dream
a fool's dream
because
only a fool believes

to live in that dreamworld
would be fantasy
transformed into reality
and only a fool
would believe such a thing
is possible

so
come back to reality
fool
the temporary assignment
of foolishness
is about done
the light will be turned on
and everything in the dark
will disappear
and it will be clear
even to a fool
who believes

I will look in the mirror
in the light of reality
and see for myself
what scares everyone
including me
and re-realize
I am a fool
and an ugly one at that

2 8 2012

I feel that I am being blocked from passing through "blind spots" to better dimensions by whomever or whatever is behind the corporate run world governments because they require a sufficient number of slaves and human sacrifices to serve topside. What I mean is if the stories of passageways into the earth are true and the descriptions of what is found on the other side - heavenly existence - are true, I would like to go and see for myself.

But I can't because the military of the different governments of the world that control access to the different entrances to the inner earth or inner earth dimension guard them and deny all entry.

Acyutananda Swami told me, when he let me serve him when he stayed at Lake Huntington chopping trees, how, when he was preaching in Brazil, he went with a harinama party of devotees to chant at the entrance to one of Kumba Karna's trans-oceanic underground tunnels connecting Sri Lanka and Brazil. They were barred from going anywhere near it by the Brazilian military.



That's not a pathway to another dimension that I know of, it's just an underground tunnel connecting two continents built by beings more powerful than ordinary earthbound humans, but still it serves my point. You can't go. If they let you go then someone else will find out and soon everyone will want to leave and then who will do all the work? Who will be available to be offered in the necessary ritualistic sacrifices?

Why are mind slaves necessary? Because bodies are needed to carry out the three dimensional physical tasks required to transform desire into reality. And the desire I mean, in this case, is the demonic desire to create chaos. Misdirection. Sleight of hand. The obvious desire of the inbred, faux aristocracy of this planet at this particular time.

I'm talking about the unqualified kings and queens and priests. The ones who want to ruin the planet by raping the land, sea and sky. To weaken Mother Bhumi. To sink the planet to a lower position in this particular material universe. Closer to the level of the hellish planets below this planet. Making it easier for the informed evil residents of the hellish planets - the demons - to transmigrate via their subtle material body, composed of mind, intelligence and false ego, which carries the soul - off of their particular hellish planet and into a gross material body made of air, fire, water, earth and ether here on this planet. A more amenable plane of existence for attempting to enjoy the gross material energy.

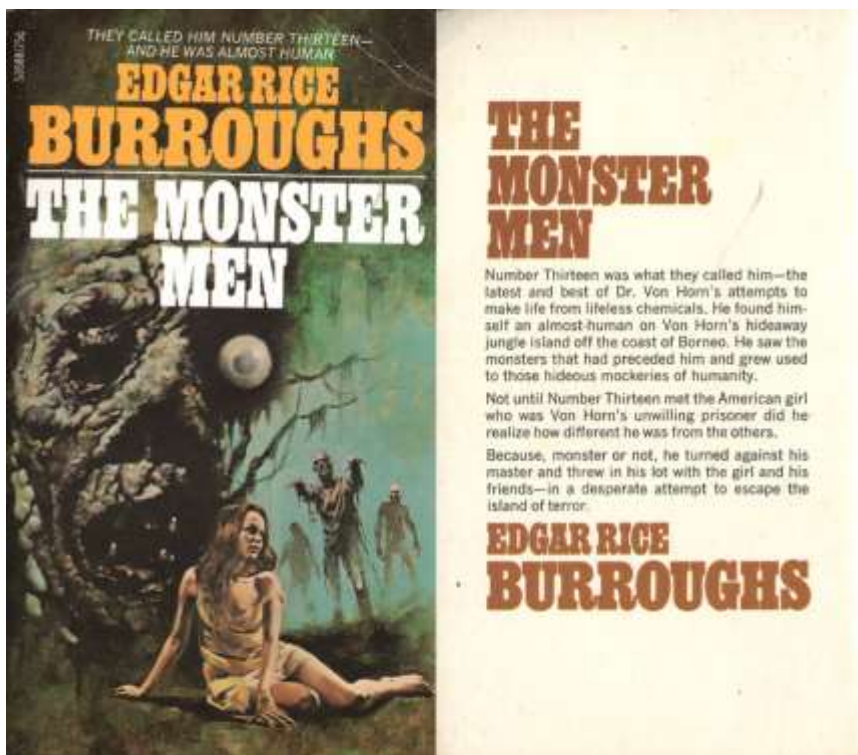
Similar demonic desires are forced into the heads and hearts of the slaves through every sense possible. Their desire becomes the desire of the masses. Subtle energy is transformed into gross energy. Physical reality.

It is almost impossible to avoid the bombardment of the knowledge gathering senses via the subtle plane - sound, sight, smell - coercing your thoughts and desires. You want to enjoy the objects of the senses now aroused - you want to touch and taste and see more. If it feels good do it. Just do it. You deserve a break today. If not now, when? You only live once.

And you act on your(?) desires. And then they have you. You become complacent. Docile. Sheep. You are fooled into thinking you are enjoying. When it's really just a hologram of a carrot being dangled in front of your nose. No substance. No nourishment. No love. Making you weak. Making you forget. Forget the days and weeks and months and years as they race by. Hypnotized. Desensitized. Until it, your human life, is over. And you are now down there. Sorry. And one of theirs from down there is up here. Movin' on up. To the earth side. To a deluxe apartment on top of your grave. That's part of the reason why I would like to try to go underground as it were. Or sideways. I want to find my own pure thoughts and desires. Untainted. If I have to go through a "blind spot" so be it.

I don't want to go down there. I've been there before. It's hell. That's why they call it that. I don't want to go back. And neither should you.

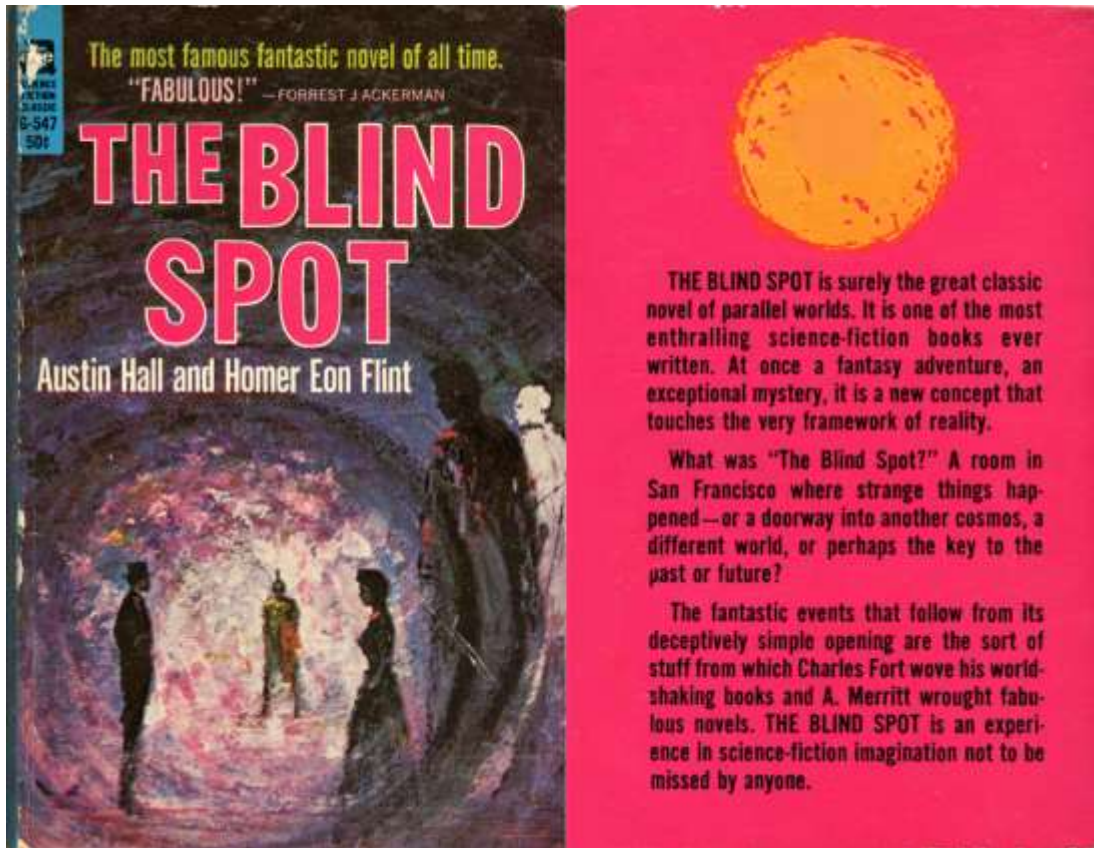
I finished reading *Monster Men* by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Another great book. I have read three great books, actually 5 great books in a row. At the Earth's Core, Pellucidar, Dream of the Red Chamber, the Blind Spot and *Monster Men*.



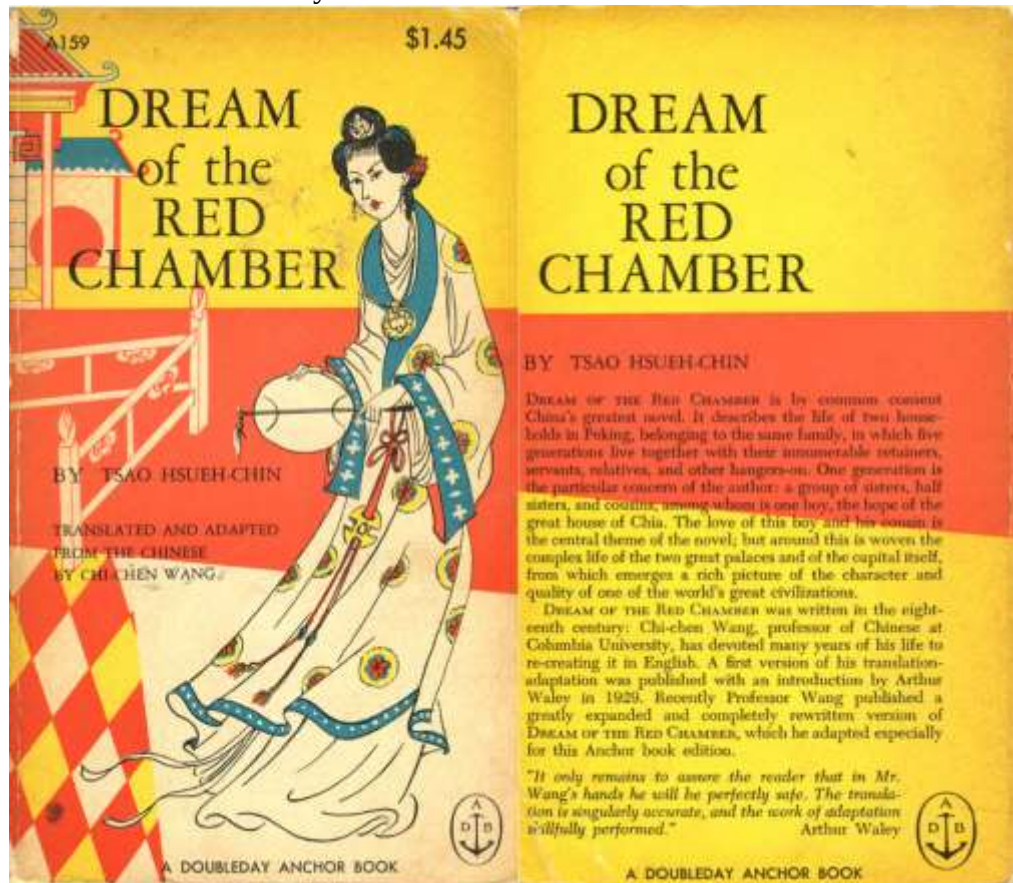
There were monster men produced from chemicals. And monster men who were supposed to be humans. Borneo, head hunting cannibals, a beautiful girl, a brave and wily Chinese man who cooks, makes secret herbal potions, a white giant, a "treasure" and ERB's final word or message is this - bury eugenics in an unmarked hole in the ground in the middle of the jungle of a deserted island in the middle of nowhere and FORGET ABOUT IT!!!

It was great. Highly recommend.

Also highly recommend Blind Spot - turn of the century pseudo transcendental questions about dimensions of existence - step through blue light into another world. Fate or free will or a combination of the two. Plus.



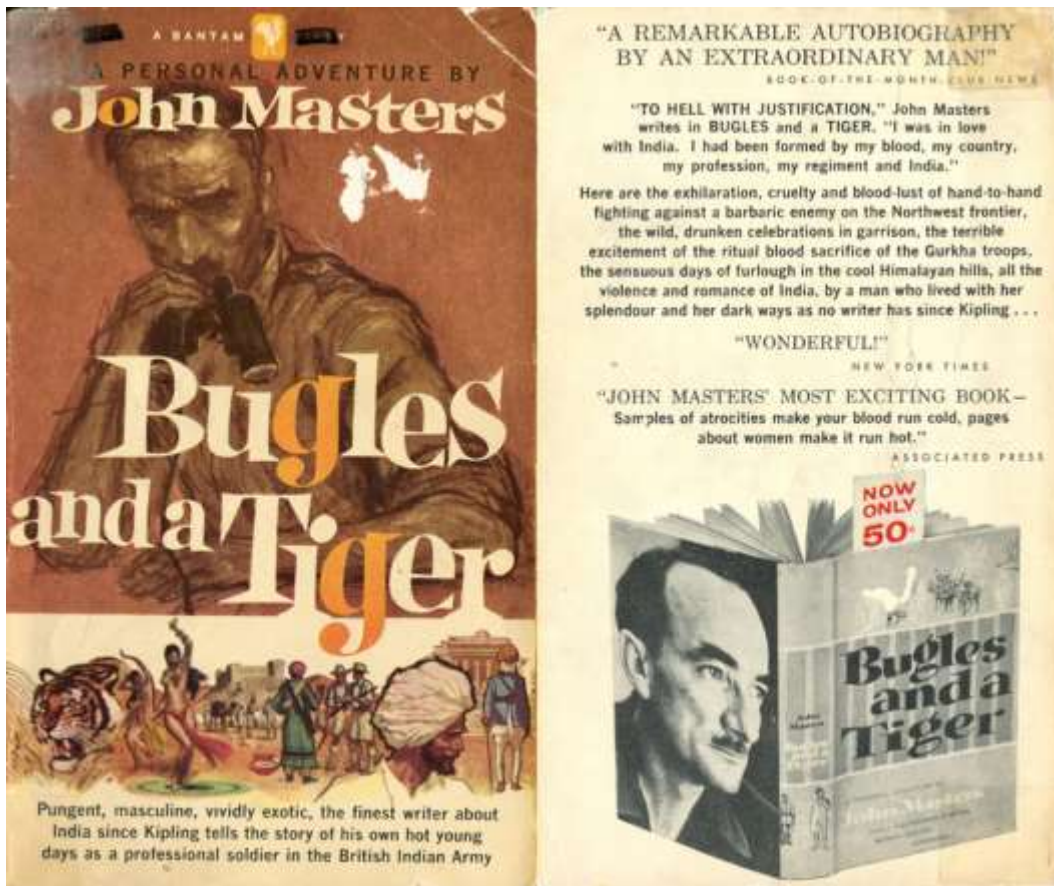
And Dream of the Red Chamber - beautiful Chinese ladies with great courage and passion and cunning and emotion and intelligence and humility and charity and nobility and did I mention beauty?



I liked the style of writing. I must admit I was confused a number of times on who was related to who because of all the similar names and multiple names and nicknames and titles. I still am. Great story. Meaningful lessons throughout. Again - fate or free will or a combination.

My final test of whether I like a book or not is this - when I look forward to the next chapter or page or the next time I have the time to read the book - I know I like it and it's a keeper for my library.

The next book I want to read is *Bugles and a Tiger*. It's an autobiography of a British soldier in India in the 30s. He claims to love India. We'll see. And it is illustrated throughout. Always a plus.



7 8 2012

Hart speculations

I think it's ironic, in looking back, that, the Hart Street gang or the bunch of us that hung out on the corner of Hart street and Onderdonk avenue, in the sixties and seventies, from what I have learned in later years, were all in need of or were living in homes lacking in heart. Or maybe their heart wasn't receiving their fair share of love, or suffering from a wounded heart, maybe that is partially why each particular peculiar one of us migrated to H(E)ART Street.

at that particular time
at that particular place
and made our own
little
semi-private
corner of the world

and became a pretty tight-knit bunch of lost kids
misfits each in our own way
no egotistical macho tough guys
no back stabbing sluts
we all left the drama at home
some of us staying out as late
as possible
to avoid the indoor drama
on Hart we just wanted to have fun
ace king queen
the bread basket
the hindu
the pipe
sitting on the knitting mill stoop
listening to music
smoking weed
hearing the old man
deidre's father
yelling at us from his window
on the second floor
above the knitting mill
to turn off the music
hanging out in my basement
hanging out in Ronald's garage
driving around in James's vans
driving backwards
the wrong way
at high speeds
on one way streets

with Pino and Gino
eagle's nest

before the knickerbocker and myrtle avenue people started hanging out there

And I'm not talking about Gino and Pino. Pino lived on Knickerbocker and so did Gino till he moved across the street from Grover Cleveland High School. They came because they were odd socks too.

I mean Angelo, Tony, Steve Zebauer, Joe Ferentino, Uli, Bryce, Jeff, Mr potato head, Binny, Bolt, kung fu Charlie, etc...
they came for exploitation
in my estimation

except Uli

He hung with Angelo, Tony, Joe Ferentino etc and they brought him with them one night. He was his own person. He was ok.

and Bob Caruso. he was just an overgrown nut.

maureen "mickey" donovan was hot.
so was marianne michitsch.
she could talk and laugh
non-stop when she was buzzed
I love her she is so nice
and kathy farrell
and anna santangelo
i don't know why she stuffed her bra
she was hot without having to do that
gordonna was also hot
but too young for me to look at her that way
Mary
i think she had the best overall physique
or the most attractive to my eyes
of all of the hart street girls
and I may be prejudiced
'cause I liked her
the best
all this judging of my former female friends
is based strictly on physical appearance
sorry about that

Trapped in a dream or a nightmare

1300 08 08 2012

last night I had a dream
that I couldn't wake up from
I knew I was dreaming
I was yelling and screaming
to please wake up
to let me out
but I couldn't escape
I was wandering around
with my eyes half closed
unable to see clearly
bumping into this and that
trying desperately to find a way out
unsuccessfully
until I was begging God to help me
I really thought I was dead
and transitioning to another existence
like patrick swayze in GHOST
when he was killed
at first
he thought it was a nightmare
that he couldn't wake up from

now that I am awake
I have no appetite
I went through this once before
when I had to go through 12 weeks of therapy
because I couldn't eat for days
because of my insane sales job at J&R
where I worked nights
alone in a cubicle
in the dark except for a desk lamp
listening to anonymous voices
6 nights a week



I know it is my job
and my hermit life
that is trapping me
suffocating me
alone all the time
always in the dark of night
always having to watch my back
at every corner
never associating with other humans
it just intensifies my aloneness
and my fear of dying alone and anonymous
I don't think I can be helped anymore
I have cut everyone I ever knew out of my life
I am sitting here
with breakfast sitting next to me
and my stomach empty
I am hungry
and have NO desire to eat
my mouth is cotton dry
my intelligence knows I have to eat
but my heart and soul just aren't into it right now
and I have to go to work tonight
if I don't work everything falls down the hole
I pay all the bills
my family depends on me
so I can't just quit
I have to ride it out
I have to write it out
so someone knows
so I know
I am not alone



9 5 2012

I hate myself

Why do I hate myself?

I hate myself for what I have become.

I hate myself for never being there
for myself.

I hate myself for continuing the abuse
of my childhood.

I hate myself because I am just as horrible as my parents and I have taken up their abuse
of my self and abuse myself in more ways than my parents ever abused me.

I hate myself for being lazy and cowardly and weak-willed and ignorant.

I hate myself for having no ambition to better myself.

I hate myself for hating everything.

I hate myself for being a phony and a liar and a pervert.

I hate myself for intoxicating myself.

I hate myself because I am the only person I know that is truly deserving of hatred.

I can't wait until this lifetime is done.

I hate myself for wanting to die instead of wanting to live.

I hate myself for being a quitter.

I hate myself for being a cheater.

I hate myself for being here.

I hate myself for doing nothing for being nothing for accomplishing nothing for having
nothing for being worth NOTHING!!!

I HATE MYSELF!!!



8 10 2013

Nine and fifty

Nine and fifty years ago I came into this world.

I was the second child of four.

When I was still an infant my mother was offered
ten thousand dollars to sell me.

That offer was made by her father, my maternal grandfather.

Why? I wonder.

What would have been my fate if the offer was accepted?

Would I have been purchased by a wealthy married couple unable to have their own
children?

And raised with a silver spoon in my mouth?

Or would I have been a child sacrifice?

A virgin child ritually murdered to appease some hellish demonic cult? Killed on Satan's
altar?

Or even worse -

sold into a pedophile sex ring to be abused by some sick thing?

My maternal grandfather was an original wiseguy.

He was a made-man.

Part of a mafia crew in Brooklyn.

Was the offer to buy me for some Mafia Don?

To ship me off to Italy?

I guess I will never know.

As it is,

my life has been very lonely and melancholy all along the years.

Little sparks of happiness swamped by waves of unhappiness.

No better and no worse than most.

Those roads traveled are behind me now.

Only the memories remain. Slowly fading away.

The path ahead is shorter than the one behind me.

Every day, every hour, every minute brings me closer to the end.

I don't know when exactly the end of this life will be.

I wish I would have been a better human.

I wish I would have loved someone with all my heart and soul.

I wish I would have been loved by someone with all their heart and soul.

I know I didn't and I know I wasn't.

I don't know how to love.

Or how to be loved.

There is a lot of room for improvement in my next life.

I hope I remember how empty this time has been and next time fill my consciousness
with real unmotivated love for all living things.

Love for the sake of life.

A life without love is no life at all.

Broke 11 20 2014

I am writing this even though I know none of you are materialistic.

To all my children and grandchildren and their families -
It is with a Scrooge-like heart that I must bring such
crummy tidings during what should be festive times.
It's also embarrassing to be in this position once again.

To everyone that has a birthday coming up soon and
to everyone that celebrates Christmas -
I have nothing to offer you except my love and
best wishes for your special day and for the holidays.
I have nothing material to offer anyone.
It's not as if I was some super example of generosity and love on the holidays.
I have been more like an Ebenezer than
anything else. I just want to make the truth of the
matter clear so no one will be disappointed wondering where their
present is or waiting for something that isn't coming.

This is my personal karma. It has nothing to do with you.
Krishna always shows me special mercy
by taking away everything from me to crush my false pride and false ego.
He takes everything away so I will have no one to turn to but Him.
This has been the story of my life.
Obviously I haven't learned so I am being taught all over again.
Pity me not for I deserve none.
Although we can't always see things from a proper perspective,
believe me when I tell you that I deserve what ever happens to me
and that everything in life is fair.

So I am getting it out of the way before Thanksgiving, etc...
so no one will have any false expectations.
I am sorry.
I apologize to anyone that depends on me.
I am so broke that if it took twenty five cents to
travel around the world I couldn't afford a walk around
the block.
I have no money and that's the bottom line
and the end of this cheap short story.



I expect a lump of coal in my stocking this year.

Sincerely,

the broke joke of an old man

Please - No Response Necessary or Desired

Just enjoy every day you have because that is the purpose of life - to enjoy.

ps. My personal I.O.U. to all (for what it's worth).

Happy Festivus! It's all hills and valleys - I just happen to be in a valley right now.

A dream of dreams

01/25/2015 0605



In the end I knew I was dreaming
I was looking at the skyscraper buildings
all around me and I could see within them
I could see what they really were - energy -
light blue glowing phosphorous energy
I could see the people inside
I was looking down from a building
and wherever my gaze fell upon
the people within those buildings all gathered
together and were looking up at me
as if I was attracting them by my vision
I knew something or I had connected with something
some power that made me able to see
to really see and that energy that flowed out of me
drew those people to see what was happening
they could feel something and it made them all
come together to see what was attracting them
they left what they were doing and joined together
because of something they all could feel
something that was greater than their mindless pursuits
something that was inside of them that woke them up
to see there might be more than just being a cardboard cut-out
I wanted to stay there
I was in the middle of the streets of a great
metropolis looking up at the sky
I could see through the illusion of the heavens
the planets that were supposed to be in the firmament

I could see were only flat black and white drawings
like spirals drawn on paper
I could open a door by force of will
I could touch a woman's hand
and I could see the blue energy transfer from me
to them where I touched them and it made them swoon
but it still wasn't satisfying because I did not know who I am
But I said out loud that I did not want to leave that world
when I was standing on the street
and then I knew it was a "dream" and I "woke up" here again
I wanted to stay because I could feel that I was getting closer
to finding out who I am
I could feel that I had the ability
more than in my "real waking life" to find
what I am searching for inside of me
I just needed more time to find the proper way
I was given the ability to see what the world is
but I still was not happy
because I still did not know how to use it properly
I still don't know who I am
I know I am not God or a god
but I think we all have the ability
to see the real behind the facade
the energy behind the material
it is in all of us
and we are all looking for the same thing
and we all know we are not what we should be
and we are all afraid to admit it out loud
"I don't know who I am or why I am here."
"Can anyone tell me? Can anyone help me?"
There is only the deafening silence of ignorant fear.
The pretense that I am ok
when we are not
I did not want to leave that world where I could see
so clearly
the energy of the Energetic as it flowed through one and all.
I hunger for that place
It wasn't a dream
It was inside of me
It is real
I want to keep moving in that direction
This world I am in right now is the dream
I have to wake up from it
because here in this world
I am blind
and frustrated by wrong desires 0630

4 17 2015

A small portion of an eternal story.

This story has neither beginning nor ending which can be fully elaborated. There is only a small part of somewhere within the infinite which can be related. A microscopic portion of eternal existence, spent temporarily imprisoned within a particular material body, is the subject of this tale. And even the telling of the tale is dependent upon imperfect senses, subject to illusion, marred by inevitable mistakes and the tendency to cheat. I will do my best to avoid these pitfalls of the average mundaner.

Let me begin with this -

You are eternal. I am eternal. I am not talking about our bodies of flesh, blood, muscle and bone. They are temporary. The soul is what I am talking about - our real body. It is spiritual in nature, full of knowledge and always happy.

Have you ever read the Bhagavad-Gita As It Is by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami? If you have not, you must get a copy. Make sure it is the original 1972 version. Don't waste time. Your life is at stake. I'm serious.

In the second chapter, entitled "Contents of the Gita Summarized", you will find this verse:

TEXT 20

na jayate mryate va kadacin
nayam bhutva bhavita va na bhuyah
aja nityah sasvato 'yam parano
na hanyate hanyamane sarire

TRANSLATION:

For the soul there is neither birth nor death. Nor, having once been, does he ever cease to be. He is unborn, eternal, ever-existing, undying and primeval. He is not slain when the body is slain.

PURPORT:

Qualitatively, the small atomic fragmental part of the Supreme Spirit is one with the Supreme. He undergoes no changes like the body. Sometimes the soul is called the steady, or kutastha. The body is subject to six kinds of transformations. It takes its birth in the womb of the mother's body, remains for some time, grows, produces some effects, gradually dwindles, and at last vanishes into oblivion. The soul, however, does not go through such changes. The soul is not born, but, because he takes on a material body, the body takes its birth. The soul does not take birth there, and the soul does not die. Anything which has birth also has death. And because the soul has no birth, he therefore has no past, present or future. He is eternal, ever-existing, and primeval - that is, there is no trace in history of his coming into being. Under the impression of the body, we seek the history of birth, etc., of the soul. The soul does not at any time become old, as the body does. The so-called old man, therefore, feels himself to be in the same spirit as in

his childhood or youth. The changes of the body do not affect the soul. The soul does not deteriorate like a tree, nor anything material. The soul has no by-product either. The by-products of the body, namely children, are also different individual souls; and, owing to the body, they appear as children of a particular man. The body develops because of the soul's presence, but the soul has neither offshoots nor change. Therefore, the soul is free from the six changes of the body.

In the Katha Upanisad also we find a similar passage which reads:

na jayate mriyate va vipascin
nayam kutascin na vibhuva kascit
ajo nityah sasvato 'yam purano
na hanyate hanyamane sarire.
(Katha 1.2.18)

The meaning and purport of this verse is the same as in the Bhagavad-gita, but here in this verse there is one special word, vipascit, which means learned or with knowledge.

The soul is full of knowledge, or full always with consciousness. Therefore, consciousness is the symptom of the soul. Even if one does not find the soul within the heart, where he is situated, one can still understand the presence of the soul simply by the presence of consciousness. Sometimes we do not find the sun in the sky owing to clouds, or for some other reason, but the light of the sun is always there, and we are convinced that it is therefore daytime. As soon as there is a little light in the sky early in the morning, we can understand that the sun is in the sky. Similarly, since there is some consciousness in all bodies - whether man or animal - we can understand the presence of the soul. This consciousness of the soul is, however, different from the consciousness of the Supreme because the supreme consciousness is all-knowledge - past, present and future. The consciousness of the individual soul is prone to be forgetful. When he is forgetful of his real nature, he obtains education and enlightenment from the superior lessons of Krsna. But Krsna is not like the forgetful soul. If so, Krsna's teachings of Bhagavad-gita would be useless.

There are two kinds of souls - namely the minute particle soul (anu-atma) and the Supersoul (the vibhu-atma). This is also confirmed in the Katha Upanisad in this way:

anor aniyan mahato mahiyan
atmasya jantor nihito guhayam
tam akratuh pasyati vita-soko
dhatuh prasadan mahimanam atmanah
(Katha 1.2.20)

"Both the Supersoul [Paramatma] and the atomic soul [jivatma] are situated on the same tree of the body within the same heart of the living being, and only one who has become free from all material desires as well as lamentations can, by the grace of the Supreme, understand the glories of the soul." Krsna is the fountainhead of the Supersoul also, as it will be disclosed in the following chapters, and Arjuna is the atomic soul, forgetful of his

real nature; therefore he requires to be enlightened by Krsna, or by His bona fide representative (the spiritual master).

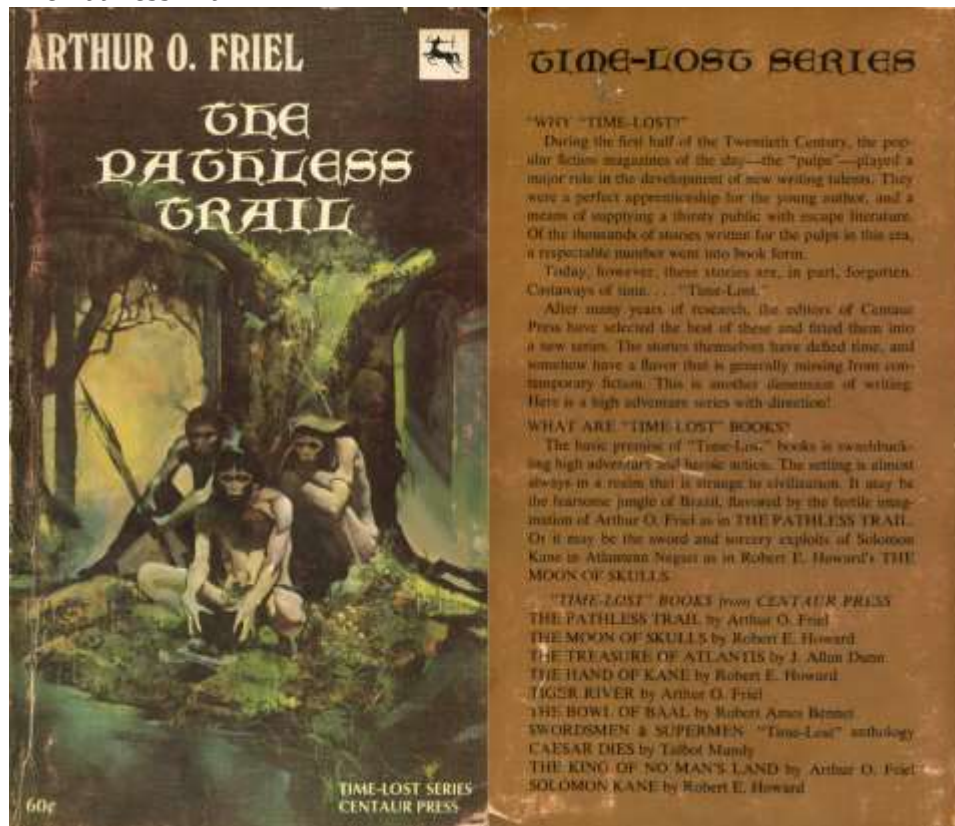
As you can see from the above there is no beginning. There is no ending. This story is only the telling of what happened during a small part of the in-between.

My present temporary material body took birth on June 12, 1955 in Greenpoint Hospital in Brooklyn, New York City. I was the second child born to my parents. I was given the first name of John. I was named after my maternal grandfather who was named Giovanni. He was an immigrant from the island of Sicily in Italy. 2013

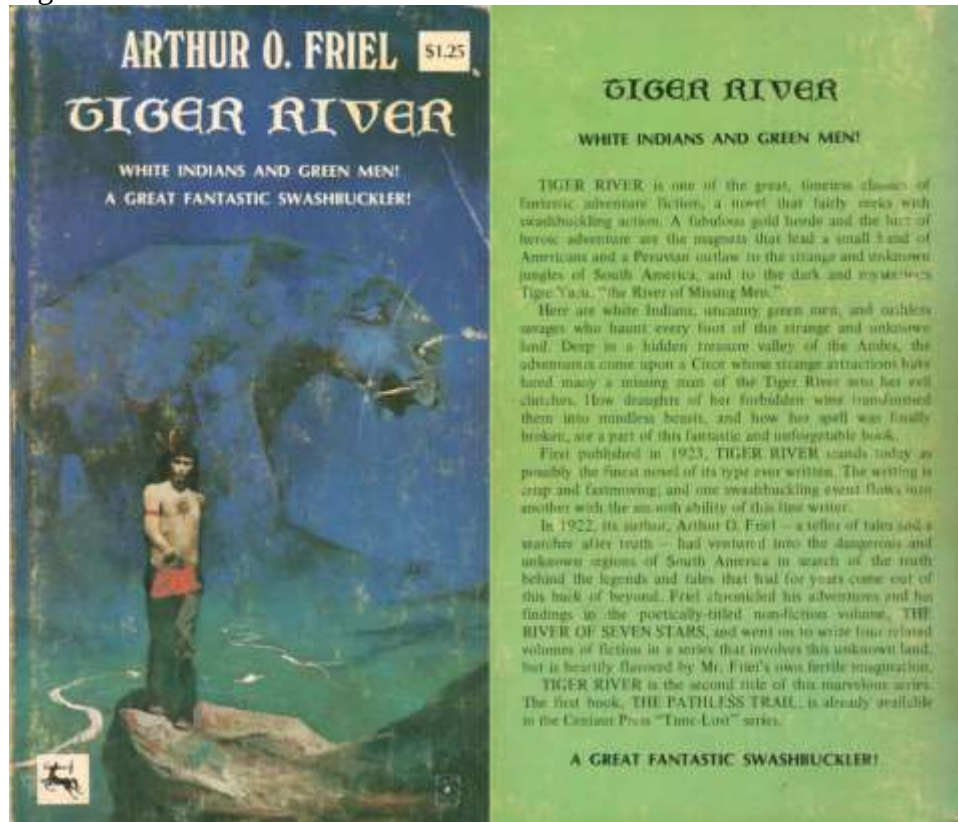
Books I've read by Arthur Friel



The Pathless Trail



Tiger River



renegade
amazon nights (collection)
amazon stories vol 1 & 2 (collection)
black hawk and other stories (collection)
forgotten island
"manly" old-school adventure fiction
set mostly in the amazon river area of south america
not many romantic storylines
but some very beautiful women
and some very dangerous women
in some of the stories
Pedro y Laurencio
seringueros of the tropical rainforest
are the main characters
along with all the amazing exotic inhabitants they encounter
cannibals head hunters thieves murderers
wild animals alligators giant snakes peccaries etc
europeans and north americans and south americans
looking for their fortune in the jungle
but also stories set in east coast of america
and also one story on a forgotten island
searching for buried treasure
all tales set in the day he wrote them the 1920's
and all that entails
some "political incorrectness" by today's standards
arthur friel explored part of the amazon in the early 1900's
and that is what most of the stories are based on
he wrote only one non-fiction book
river of the seven stars
an account of his explorations
I enjoy his plain simple straight forward writing style
all his stories are fast paced serial-style cliff-hangers
pulp fiction
I have read some of his books multiple times

Books I've read by Evelyn Eaton
Restless Are The Sails
Quietly My Captain Waits

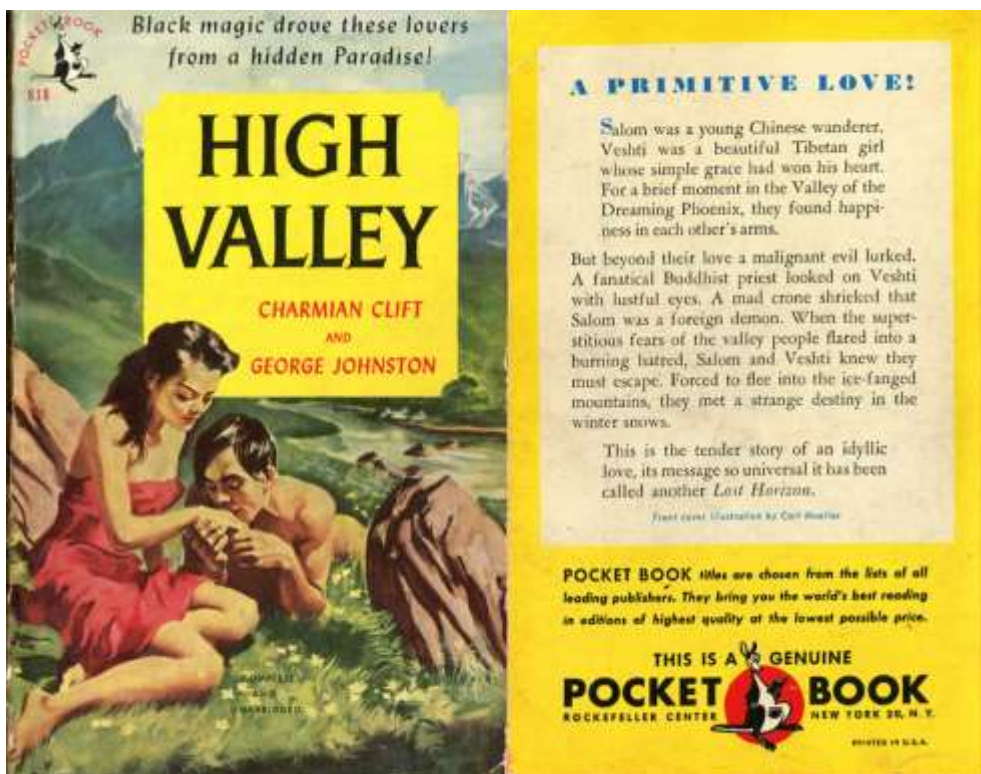


romantic historical adventure
mostly in the north east coast of north america
from new york up into canada
acadia
set in the 1700's
part fact mostly fiction
plenty of native american culture
living with nature in the forests
the beauty as well as the "barbarism or heathenism"
of the "savages"
as well as french and english settler "civilized culture"
lying, cheating, stealing, back-stabbing, social-climbing
trying to transplant european society into the americas
wars between the english and french and different indian tribes
basically just one group of people mass murdering another group
just to occupy another's land and property
and each group believing that they had God's blessing
how england and france mostly abandoned the colonies at times
also plenty of sea faring
big ships crossing the atlantic
engaging in battle along the coast settlements
canoes navigating the rivers and streams
wild uncharted North America

the real story being no matter French, English, or Indian
all are human and should be able to live together peacefully
women play equally important roles
in all the intrigues as the men
and quite often the ladies are the stronger force
out-smarting and bending men to their will
I really enjoy her writing style
how she describes nature
and human nature

High Valley

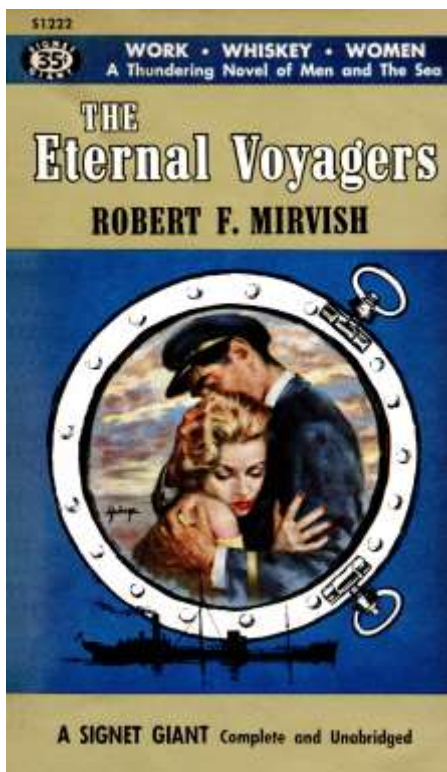
by Charmian Clift and George Johnston 1950



fiction
very nice story
set in the far east
about life in the isolated valleys
of the Himalayan mountains in Tibet
innocent love between a wandering Chinese boy
and a Tibetan girl
Salom and Veshti
the valley of the dreaming phoenix
herds of yaks and living in tents
dangers of wild predators
lusty unwashed Buddhist lamas

black arts
treachery and murder
the Living Buddha who could see past present and future
and was bored of knowing everything that was going to happen
and what everyone was thinking
very sad ending
I especially liked the description of Veshti
doing something considered taboo by her tribe
washing her long thick luxurious head of hair
in the river and feeling how it felt to be clean

The Eternal Voyagers
by Robert F Mirvish 1953 1st print 1955

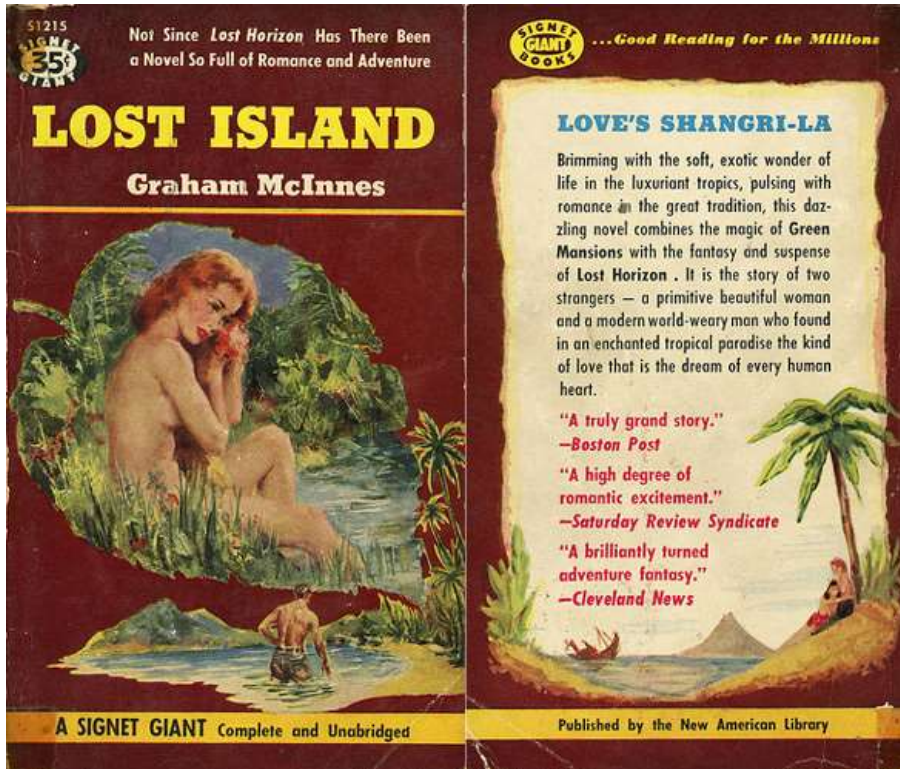


fiction
nice story about the merchant marines
sailors on ships that transport commercial goods
of the 40's and 50's
the hardships of sea life
going stir crazy
a lot of nautical terminology and activities
always at the mercy of the ocean
death and destruction
adventures on shore leave
bars and black markets and houses of ill repute

far eastern ports of call
lives spent on the ocean
away from wife and children

Lost Island

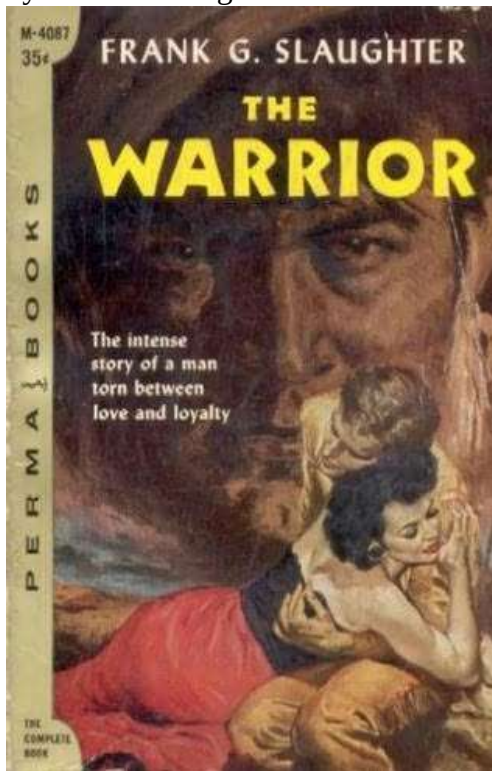
by Graham McInnes 1954 1st print 1955



fiction
very nice romantic adventure story
naval officer based in Hawaii
stuck in loveless marriage
only survivor of plane crash in uncharted waters
makes it to island
finds beautiful young woman and her father
and fountain of youth
turns out father and daughter have been stranded on the island
for 300 years
Sir Francis Drake left them there in the 1600's
stranded ashore when their ship left without them
the magical waters unknown to Drake
the only catch to eternal life -
drinking of the waters turns you blind
he and she fall in love
very sad ending
I even put the book down

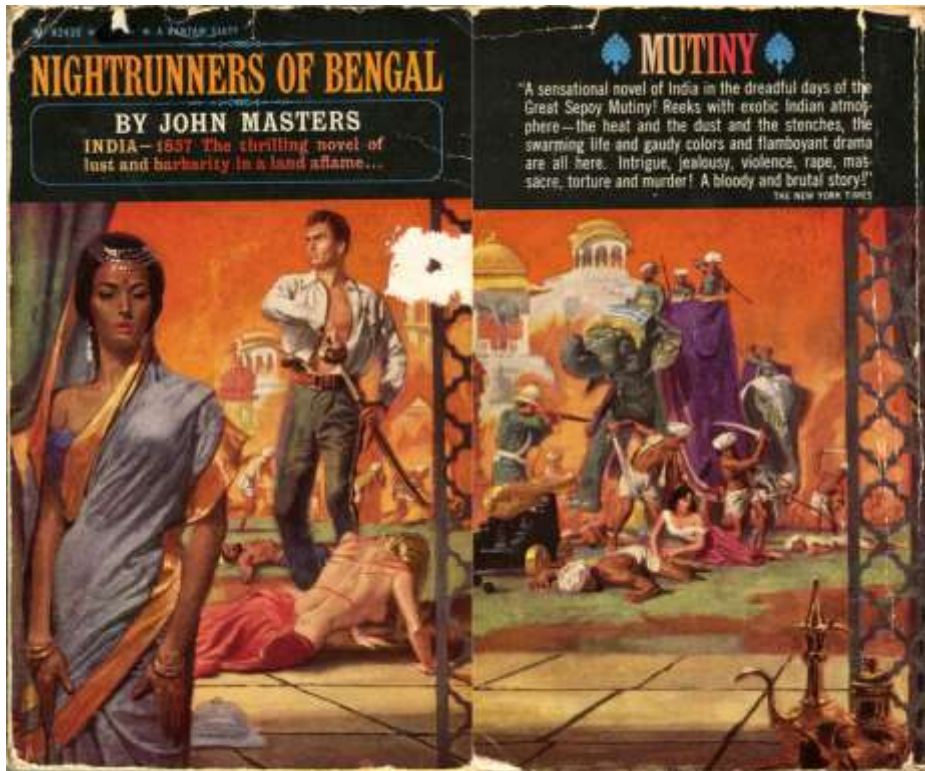
when tragedy struck near the end
I was upset and didn't want to read anymore
not because I didn't like the book
but because I was emotionally involved that's a good book to me

The Warrior
by Frank G Slaughter 1956



part fact mostly fiction
very good "manly" romantic historical adventure story
florida swamplands in the 1800's
asi-yahola (osceola) the seminole leader
the seminole tribe
their way of life
escaped black slaves that were part of the tribe
asi-yahola's wife was a black slave
slavers and us government treachery and murder
love triangle that turns out well in the end
white blood brother of asi-yahola
and wife of treacherous army colonel
risk their lives to help seminole

John Masters
Bugles and a Tiger 1948
Nightrunners of Bengal 1951
Bhowani Junction 1954



why do I read so many books
they are mostly adventure
in far away lands and near
geographically
and historically
because for the most part
they are better than the bull
that is the illusion of this life

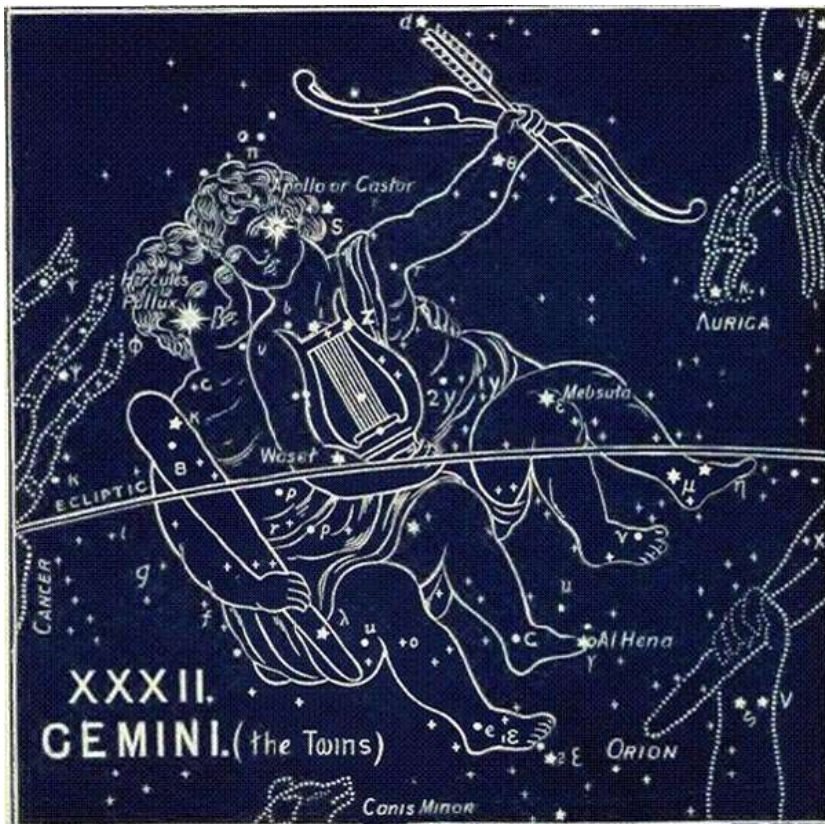
Me and my no one
You can't break us apart
We've always been together
From the very start

Me and my no one
We are the envy of none
As we stroll in the sun
My hand held by no one

"Why don't we have some fun?"
I ask of no one

The reply isn't clear
From no one near
And me with no clue
And no one too...

It's nothing new
Just as the sky is blue
It's just me and
As always
No y-o-u... 2017



Of all the places on this planet where I have lived, the island of Puerto Rico was the most beautiful. The people in general, and the ladies in particular, the food, the beaches, the streets, the forts, Viejo San Juan, the tropical forests..., y el Junque. I lived high up in the hills in Trujillo Alto, Gurabo. Fresh air and unfiltered sunshine. The temperature was never too high and the humidity was also never uncomfortable. I spent most of my days in the fields digging ditches, with pick and shovel, for irrigation and water and sewage lines. And fighting off the fire ants. My skin went from ghost white to golden brown. My body went from skin and bones to muscle. REAL MUSCLE. The muscle, the strength, earned by hard healthy work. I could watch the clouds on top of the mountains as they floated outward across the island. Rolling over the tops of the jungle trees and down to the shore. At dusk, the serenade of the coqui. Always had raw fresh milk and cream. Fresh fruits and veggies. I slept on a wooden bed, no cushion, in a converted chicken-coop in the open air - just a roof and open walls and it was austere and physical and spiritual and natural and beautiful - simple living. This is also a part of the past. But a part I DON'T want to forget. And I always want the universe to remember.



I may be without
a companion in my life
but I live
on the surface of this earth
under sun and moon and sky
and I wait
and I learn
and I grow
and I hope
to make my self worthy
of caring
of sharing
in the mystery
of life
in the mystery
of love
with another human being.



**What if the spider you killed in your
home had spent his entire life
thinking that you were his room-mate?**

Ever think about that?

No. You only think about yourself.

Dear sons,

My decision to stop working was not an easy one.
I could feel my vitality and my desire to live being drained daily.
As you know I did not just ride the train to and from work
like most commuters. Riding them was my job.
After 6 years and 40 hours per week on the subways
I could feel my physical strength ebbing. I did not want to
give up a good salary. But I did not want to give up my life either.

So I did what I did and I don't regret it except that now I have
lost any material independence I had and am becoming a
burden on people who don't need extra baggage as they
go on with their own lives. Please look at this link -

http://www.thedailysheepie.com/pathomap-ny-subway-shelters-bubonic-plague-anthrax-600-unknown-organisms_022015

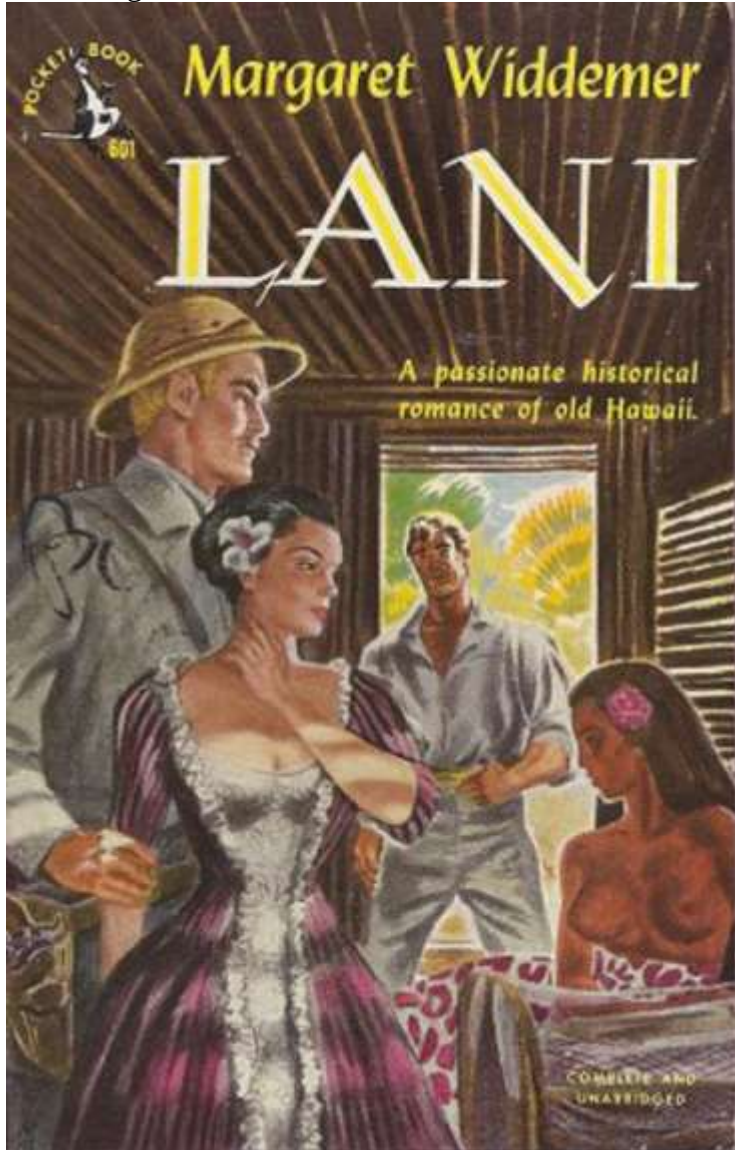
They only mention trashcans and handrails which barely scratches
the surface of the actual filthy matter. So if you only touch a
trashcan or handrail you are ok. They say nothing about air quality.
They only list major stations. They don't say if the dna found is diseased.
This appears to be a public relations piece for the MTA to allay
any fears by the riders who only go to and from work.
The timing of this "don't worry" info being released just as the MTA
is raising fares again is also suspicious.
But it offers some insight into what my body was and is experiencing.
And what I already knew.

Most of the lesser known train stations were like open cesspools.
I would have to hold my breath and cover my mouth and nose just
to walk inside. Human and rodent feces, urine, vomit, etc.,
decorated most of them. Most of the time I had to stand there
for long periods of time breathing in the toxic atmosphere waiting for the train.
I don't care how strong the immune system is, it can only take so much.

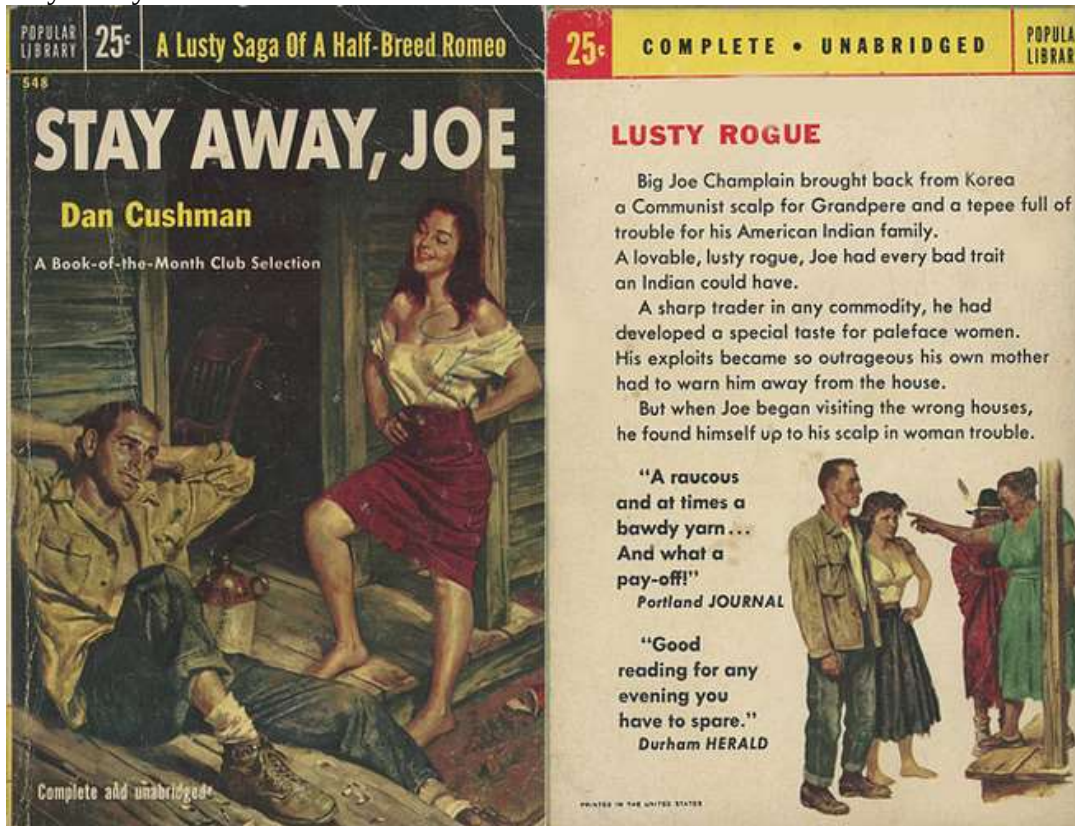
I am unable to exercise like I used to. That is part of aging.
But it shouldn't be such a precipitous drop like I have experienced.
It is what it is. But I'm not dead just yet. Save the eulogies.

Life has many twists and turns and we have to
try to learn the lessons it teaches us every day.
Without your health you can not do anything.
You can have all the money in the world
but if you are not healthy
you can not enjoy it.
love dad 2015

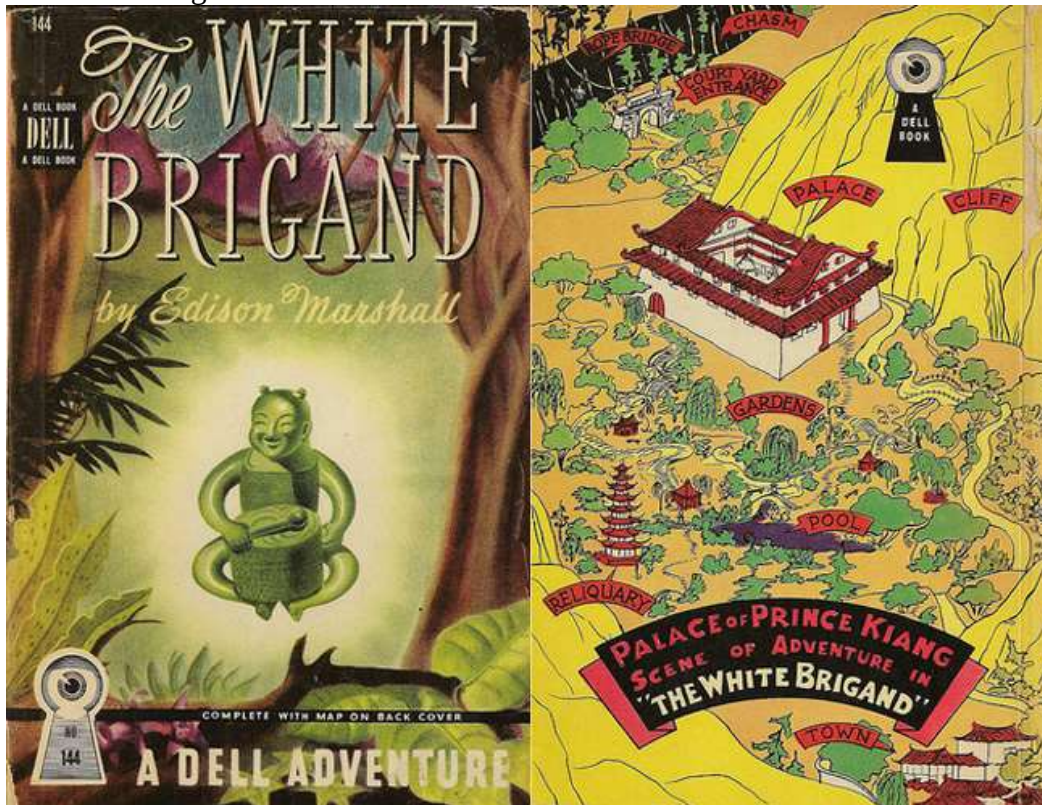
Books I've read and enjoyed in 2014
Lani/Margaret Widdemer



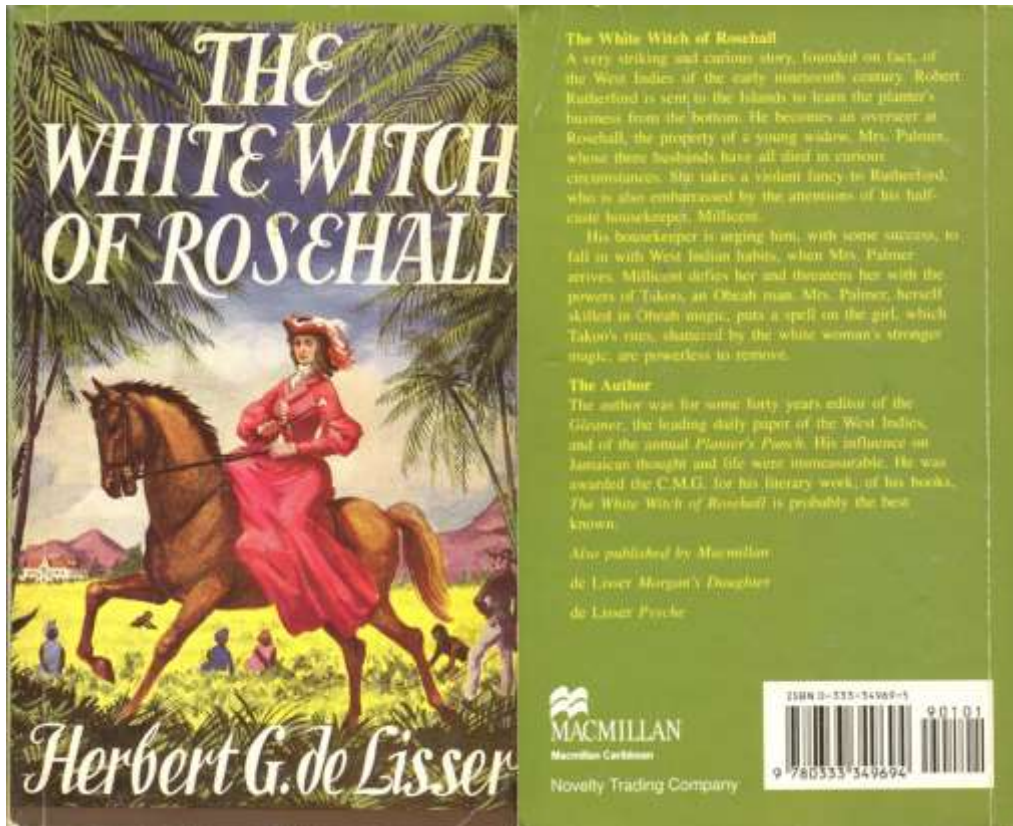
Stay Away Joe/Dan Cushman



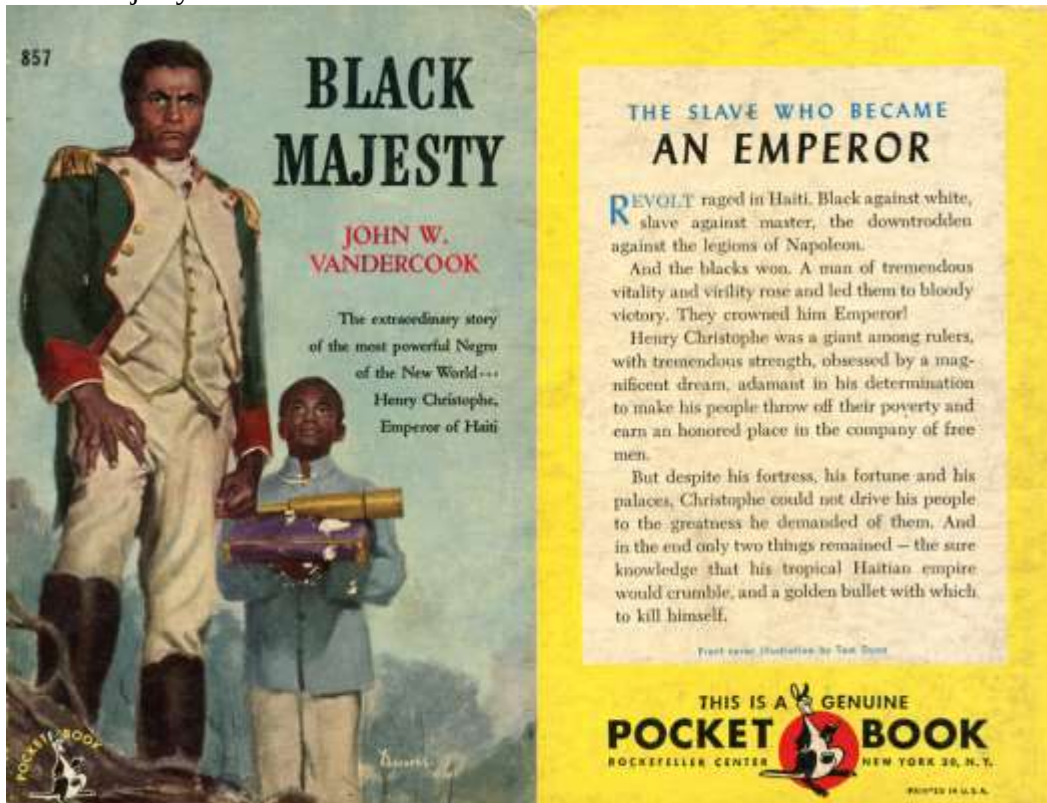
The White Brigand/Edison Marshall



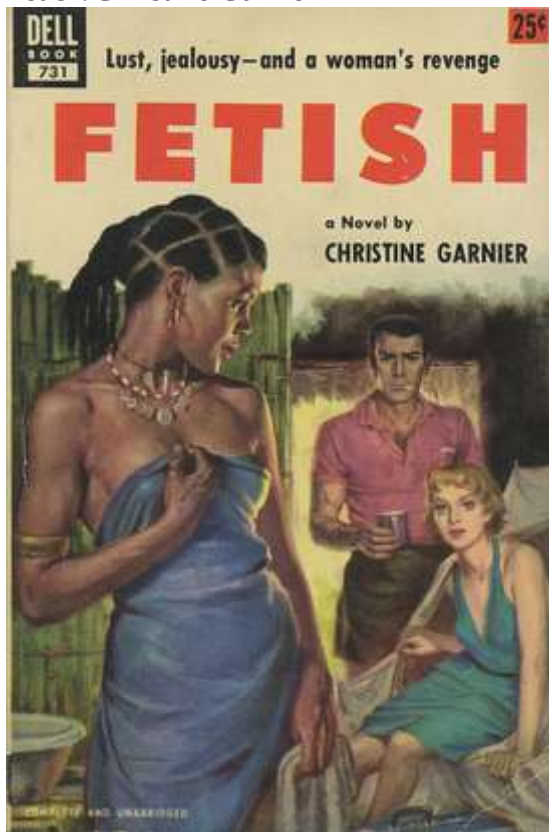
The White Witch of Rosehall/Herbert G. de Lisser



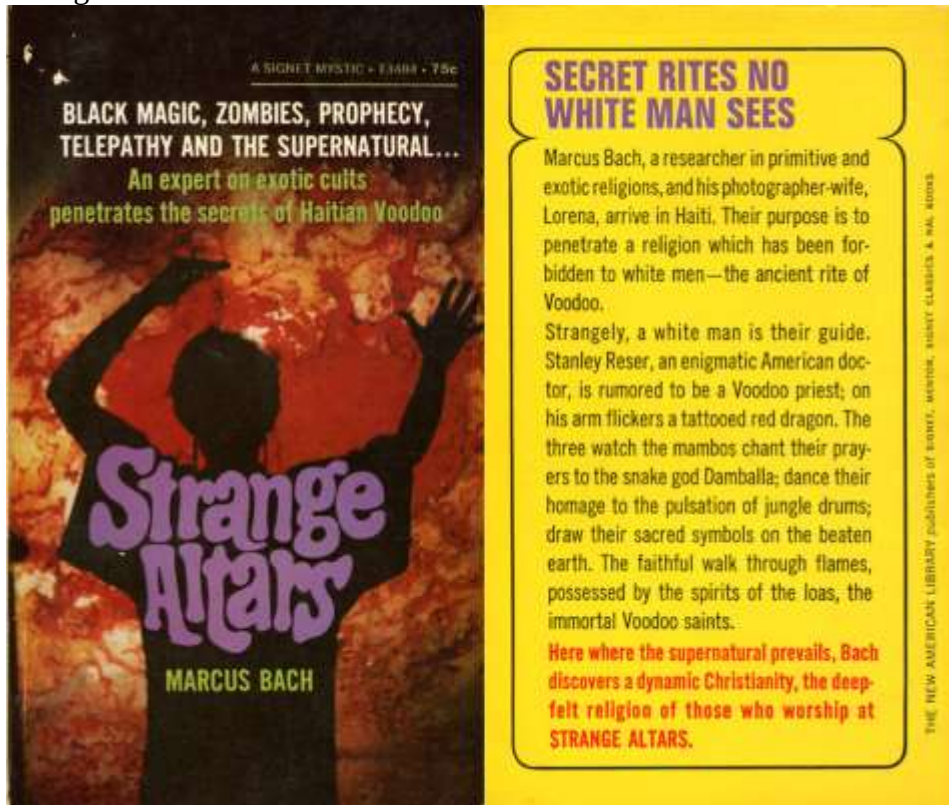
Black Majesty/John W. Vandercook



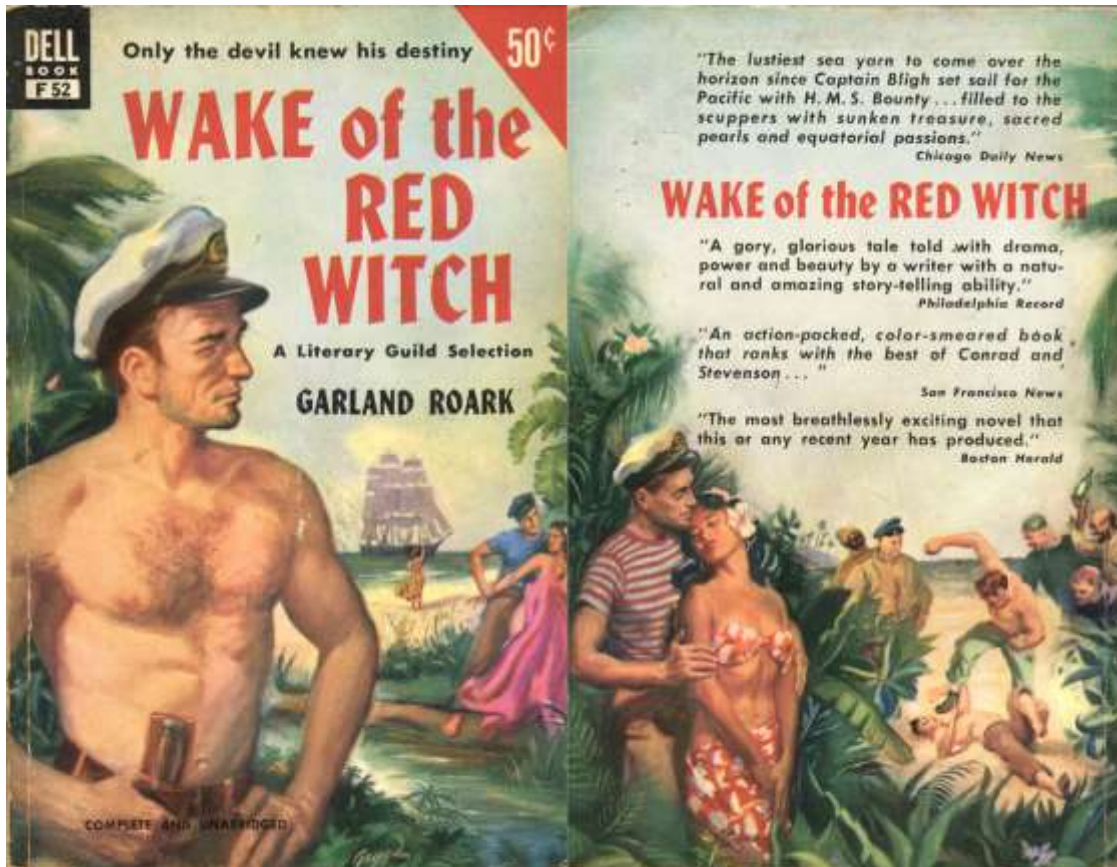
Fetish/Christine Garnier



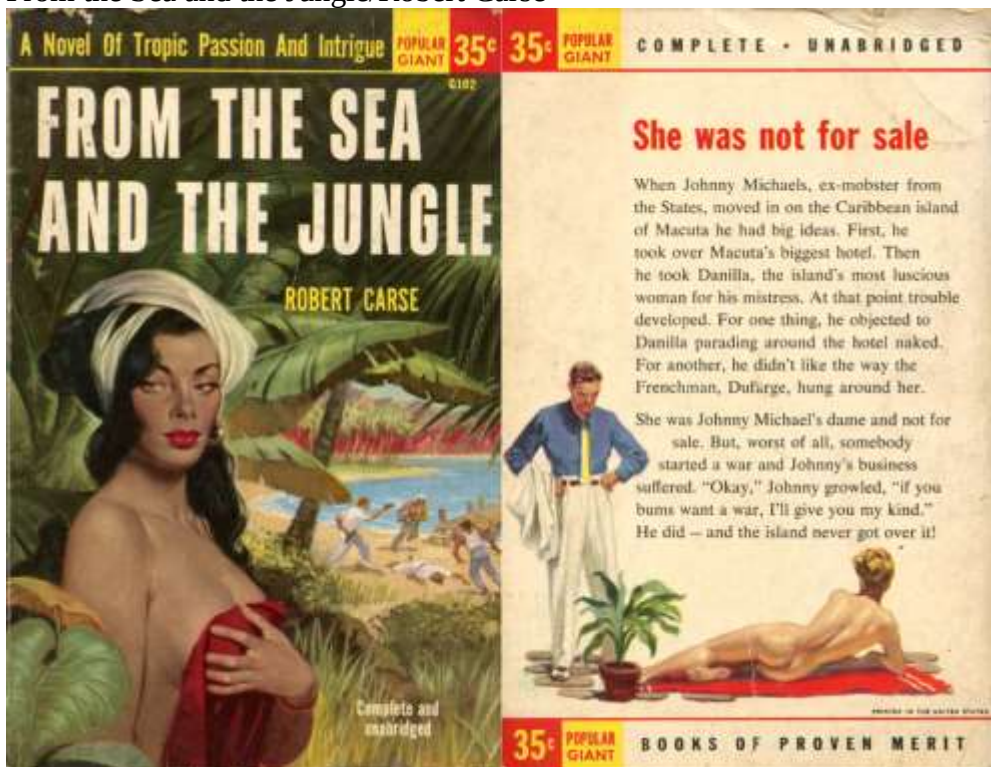
Strange Altars/Marcus Bach



Wake of the Red Witch/Garland Roark



From the Sea and the Jungle/Robert Carse



Jungle She/Dan Cushman



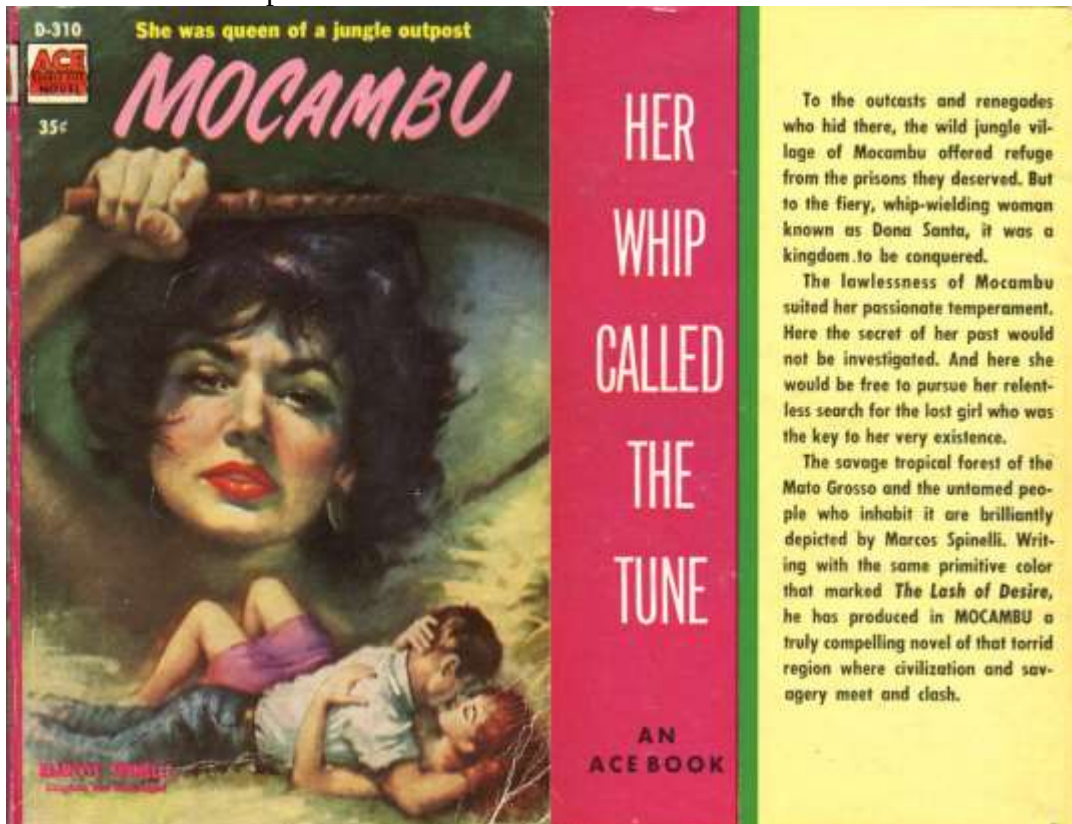
The Golden Woman/Eric Hatch



Sun in the Hunter's Eyes/Mark Derby



Mocambu/Marcos Spinelli



96c
177401 10/24

The Violent, Tragic, True Account
of the Gold-Hungry Men
Who Challenged the Treacherous Peak
Sacred to the Apaches

**THE STORY OF
SUPERSTITION
MOUNTAIN
AND
THE LOST
DUTCHMAN
GOLD MINE**



ROBERT JOSEPH ALLEN

**THE TREASURE—
A SHELF OF PURE GOLD!**

"Where Weaver's Needle casts its long shadow at four
in the afternoon, there you will find a vein of rose quartz
laced with gold wire—and you will be rich beyond your
wildest dreams."

In pursuit of this almost legendary lode, men and women
came, and still come, to explore the cliffs and canyons of
the world's most treacherous mountain. And their re-
mains—bleached bones, beheaded bodies—have been
found up and down its craggy surface.

This is the story of those who searched for gold on the
sacred mountain. It is a tale of adventure filled with
violence, greed, and love, and all incredibly true!

PUBLISHED BY POCKET BOOKS PRINTED IN U.S.A.

The image displays two book covers side-by-side. The left cover is for the novel 'The Splendid Quest' by Edison Marshall, published by Dell. It features a stylized illustration of a man and a woman in a romantic pose, with the title in large, bold letters and the author's name below it. The right cover is a map titled 'SHANGHAI AND INDO-CHINA SCENE OF ROMANCE IN THE SPLENDID QUEST', showing the Yangtze River and surrounding regions, with a small inset map of China.

The Bengal Tiger/Hall Hunter

PERMA
P223
DOUBLEDAY

Blood-lust, savage passion . . . and fiery ecstasy amidst the barbaric terror of the Sepoy Massacre

35¢
IN CANADA 39¢

The Bengal Tiger

HALL HUNTER



COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

PERMABOOKS

He had saved a tribe from brutal death. This was his reward . . .

She entered Simon's tent — a native beauty bred for the harem of an Indian prince. "I have come to win the honor of being your handmaiden, sahib."

His senses aroused by a woman who knew no veneer of civilization and no shame of the flesh, he drew her down beside him. Her lips met his unstintingly, fulfilling the promise of her beauty. Simon crushed her to him and they were caught by an ardor beyond control. . . .

• • •

Simon Peelflower — outcast and gentleman, reckless adventurer and soldier of the queen. **THE BENGAL TIGER** is his story and the story of the two women he loved — a native girl and an English heiress. Together they found passion and violent danger in a country torn by savage rebellion.



THE BEST IN FICTION AND NONFICTION

Wherever Books Are Sold

PERMABOOKS

A DIVISION OF DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Sow the Wild Wind/John Vail

 **441**

Of conquest, love—and death

25¢

SOW THE WILD WIND



JOHN VAIL

They were a desperate group . . .

these wild children of the desert, hungry, tattered . . . and infinitely courageous.

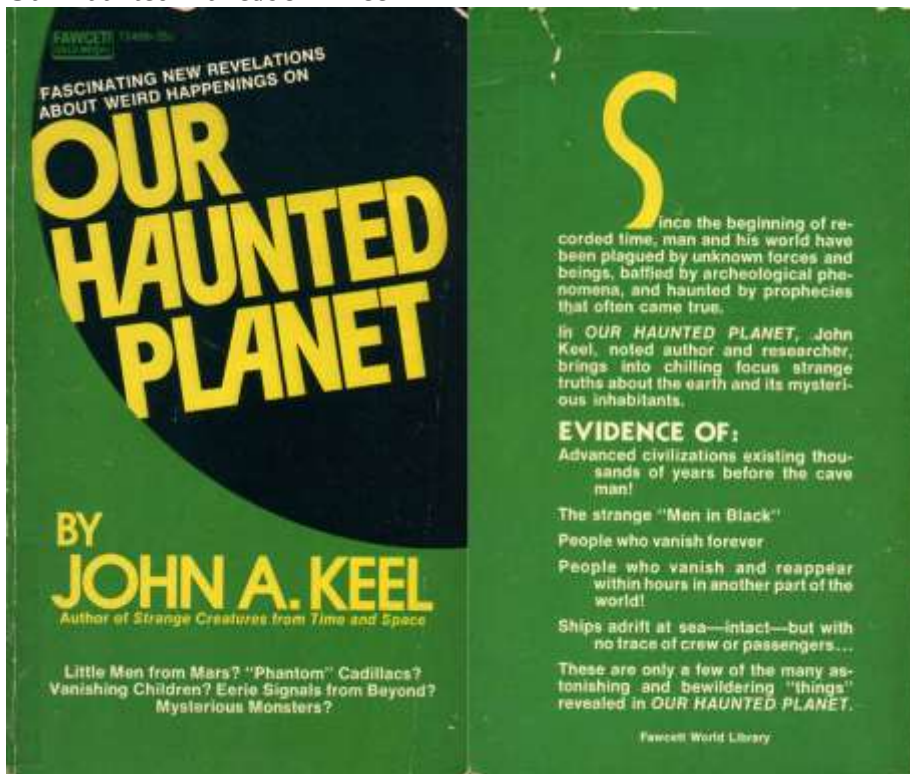
Born to freedom, they offered their lives against the might of France to keep their heritage free.

Eli Haim was one of them . . . Haim, the reckless cameleer, the man born to fight.

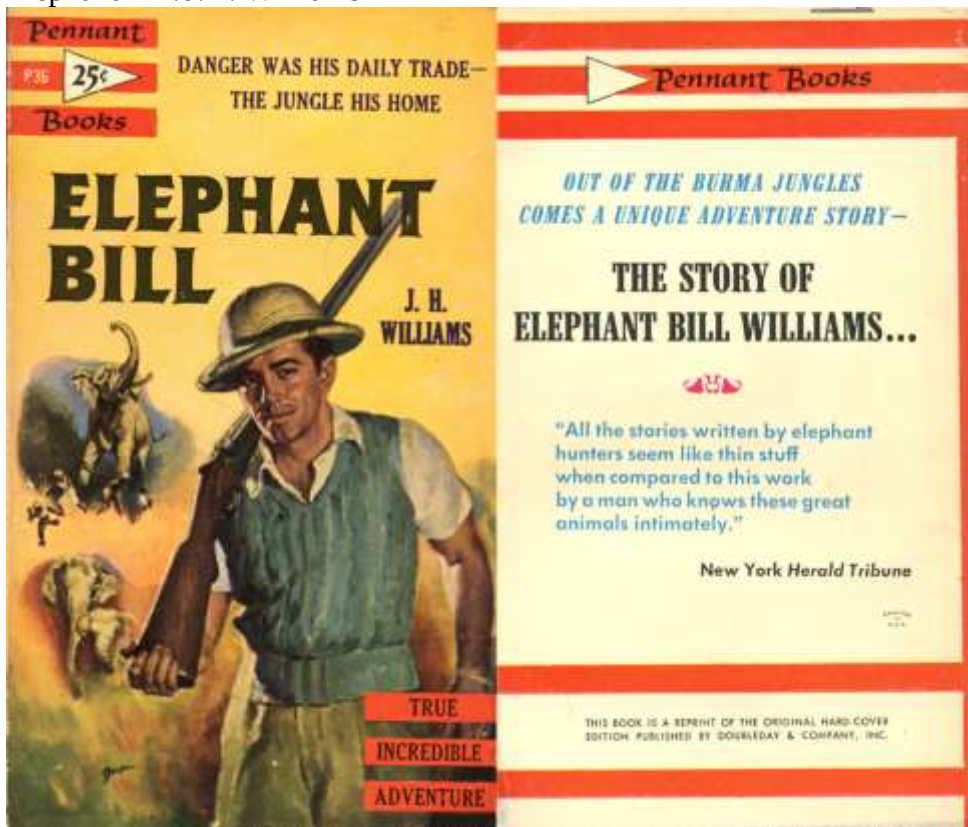
Tarichat, his beautiful savage Saharan woman, was another.

Together with the dark-faced, warlike tribesmen, they charged the strength of a modern French army to keep the desert homes that had been theirs for ages beyond all their counting.

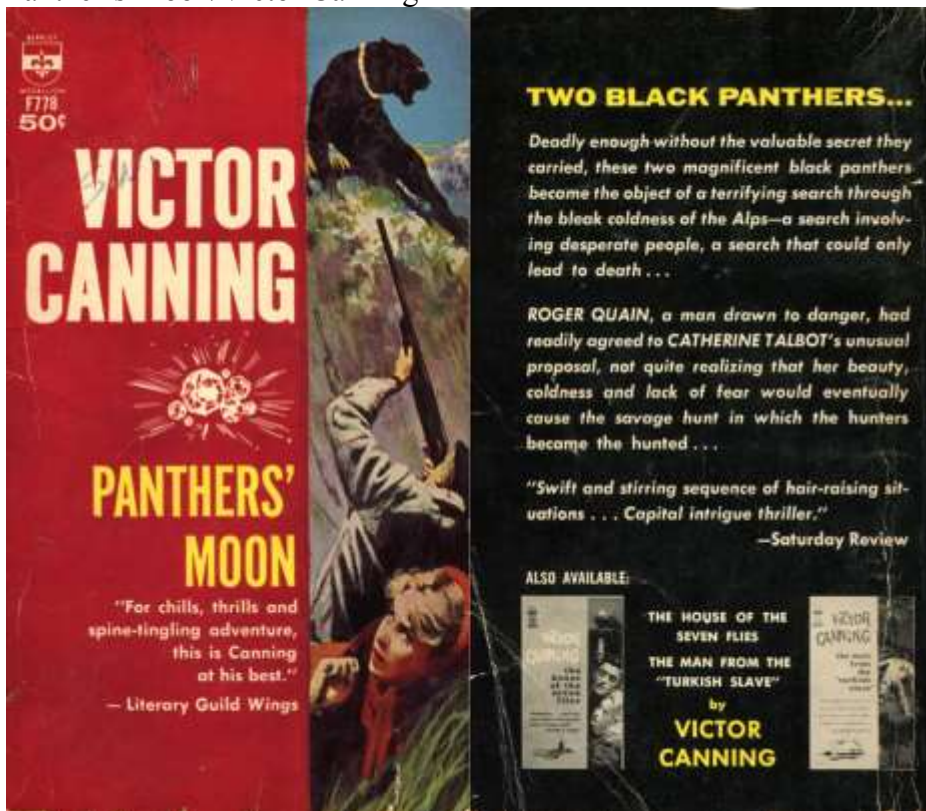
Our Haunted Planet/John Keel



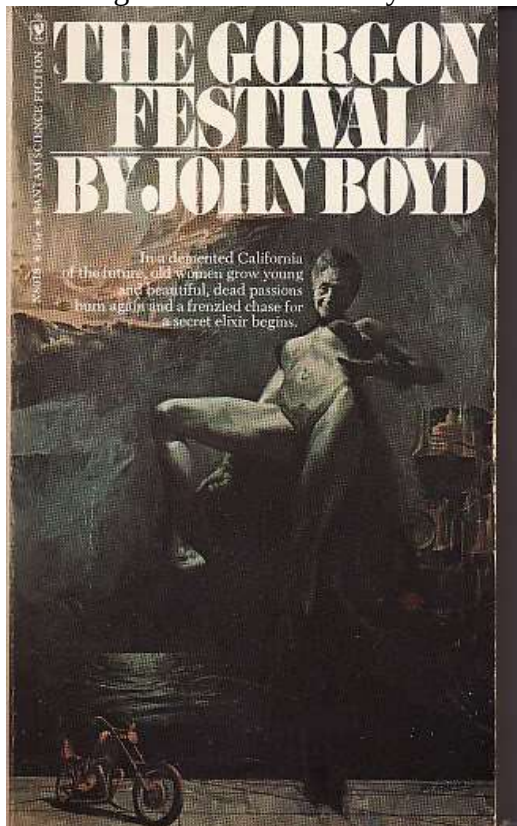
Elephant Bill/J.H. Williams



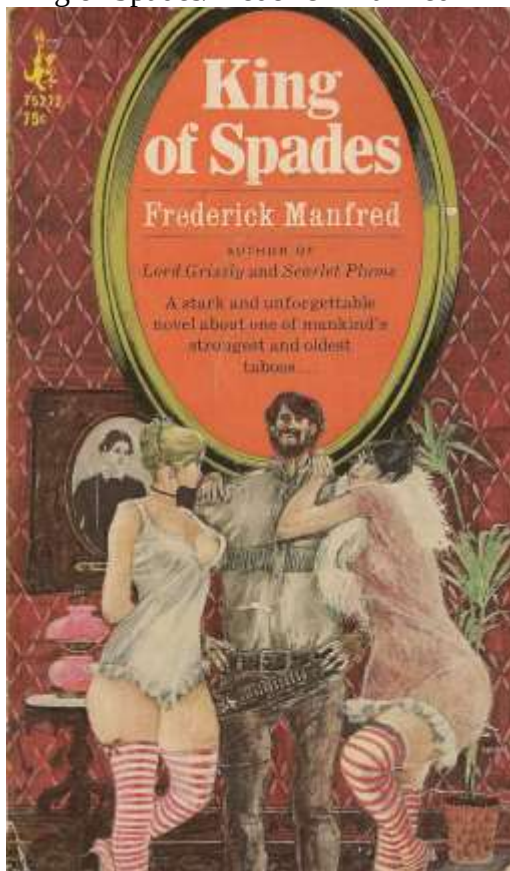
Panther's Moon/Victor Canning



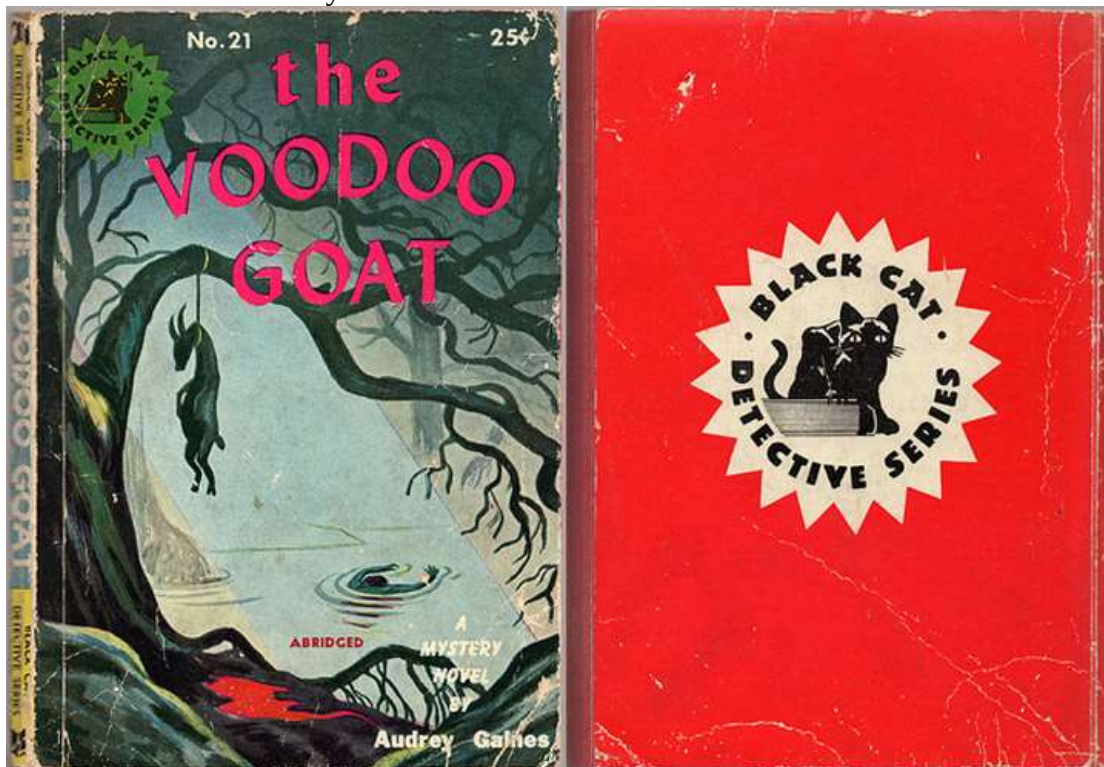
The Gorgon Festival/John Boyd



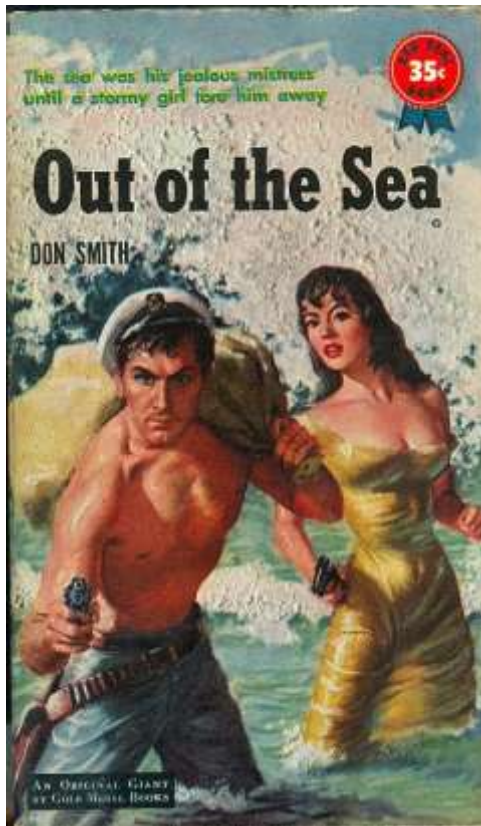
King of Spades/Frederick Manfred



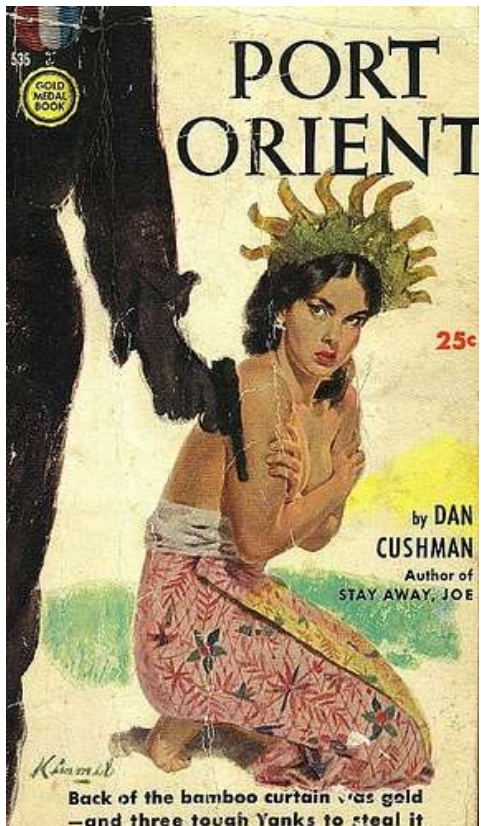
The Voodoo Goat/Audrey Gaines



Out of the Sea/Don Smith



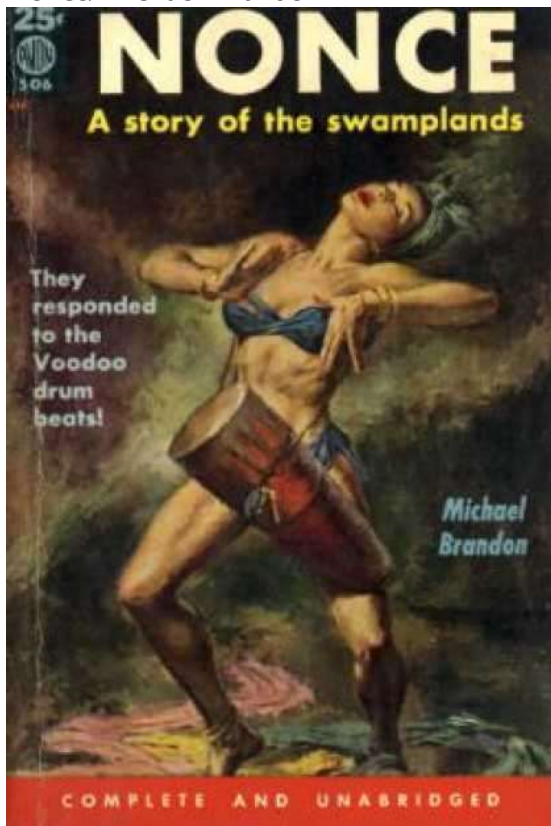
Port Orient/Dan Cushman



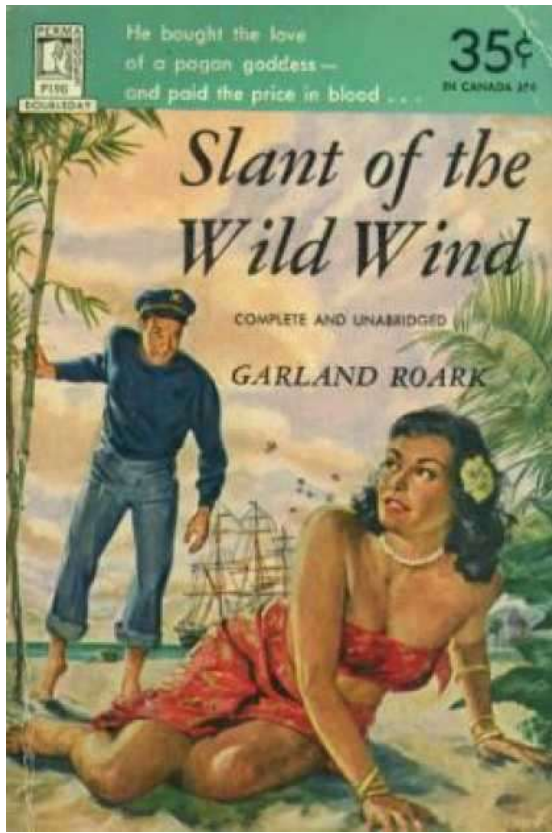
Gazella/Stuart Cloete



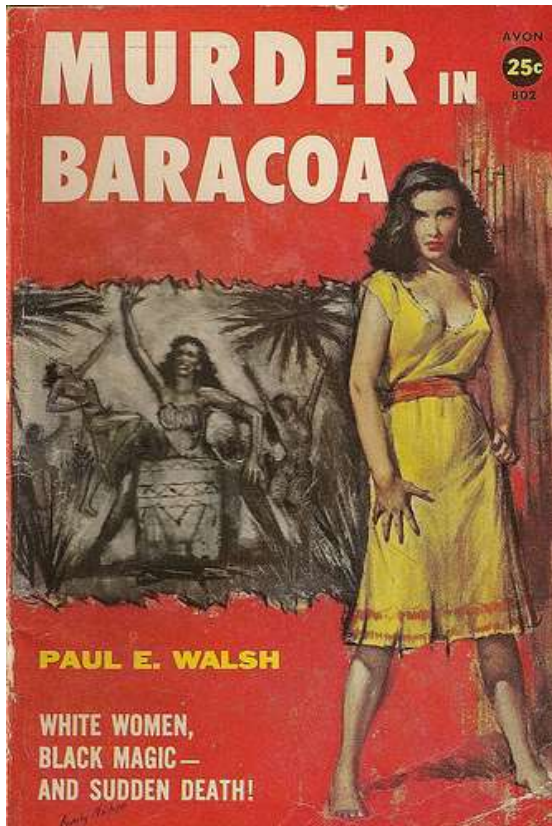
Nonce/Michael Brandon



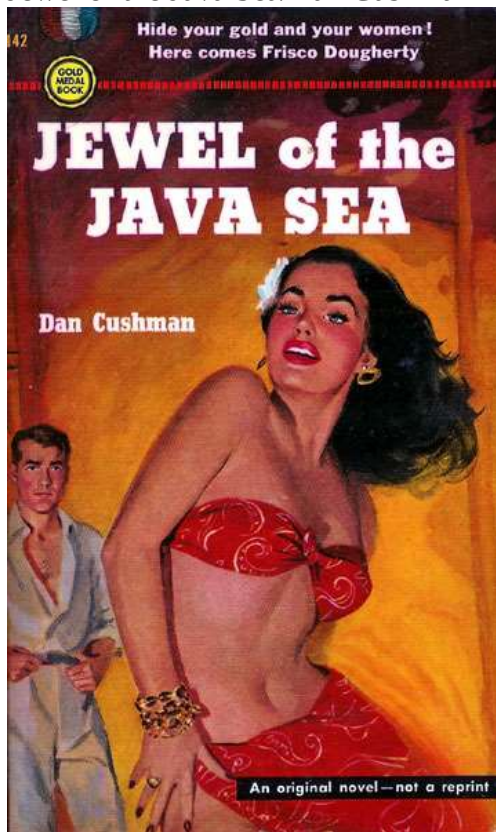
Slant of the Wild Wind/Garland Roark



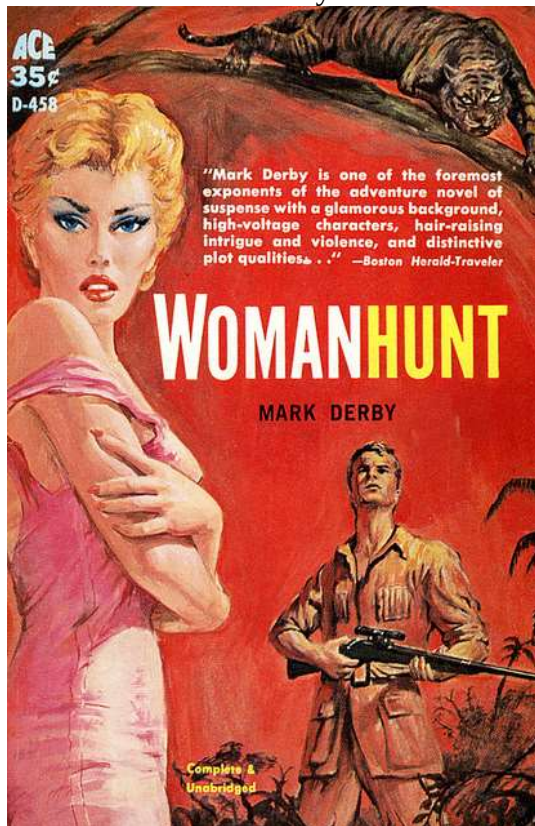
Murder in Baracoa/Paul E. Walsh



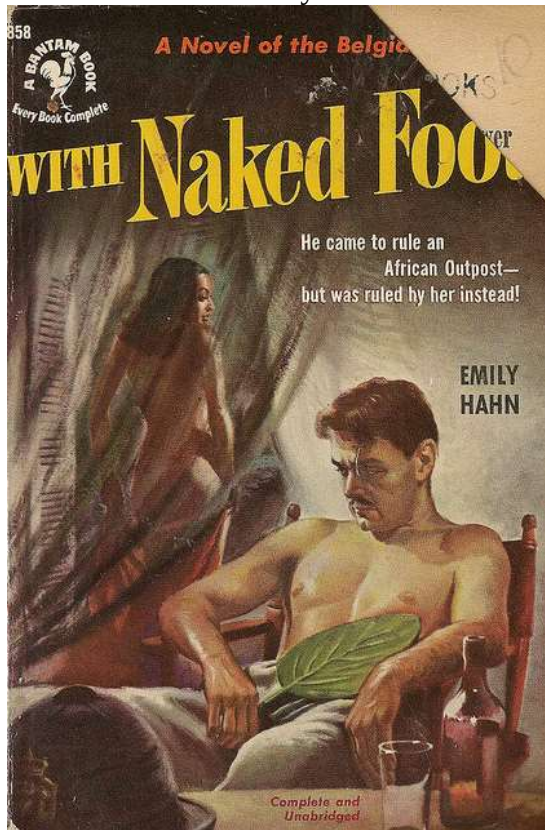
Jewel of the Java Sea/Dan Cushman



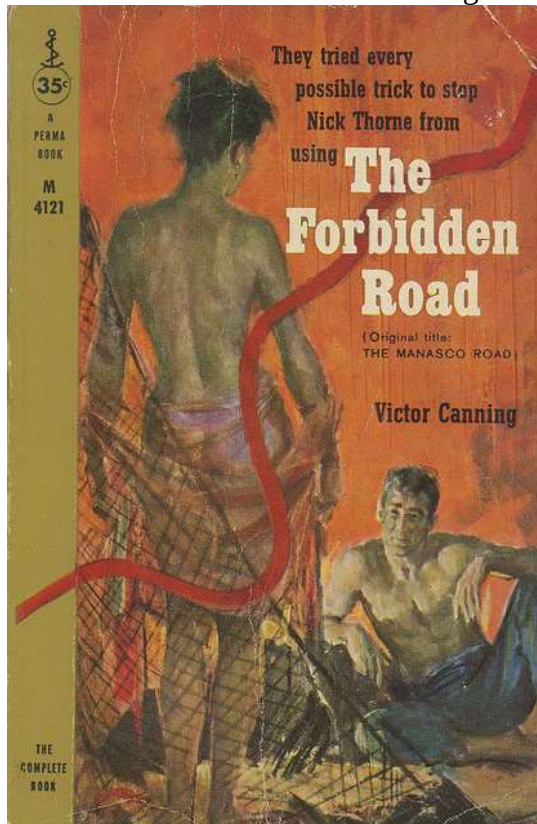
Womanhunt/Mark Derby



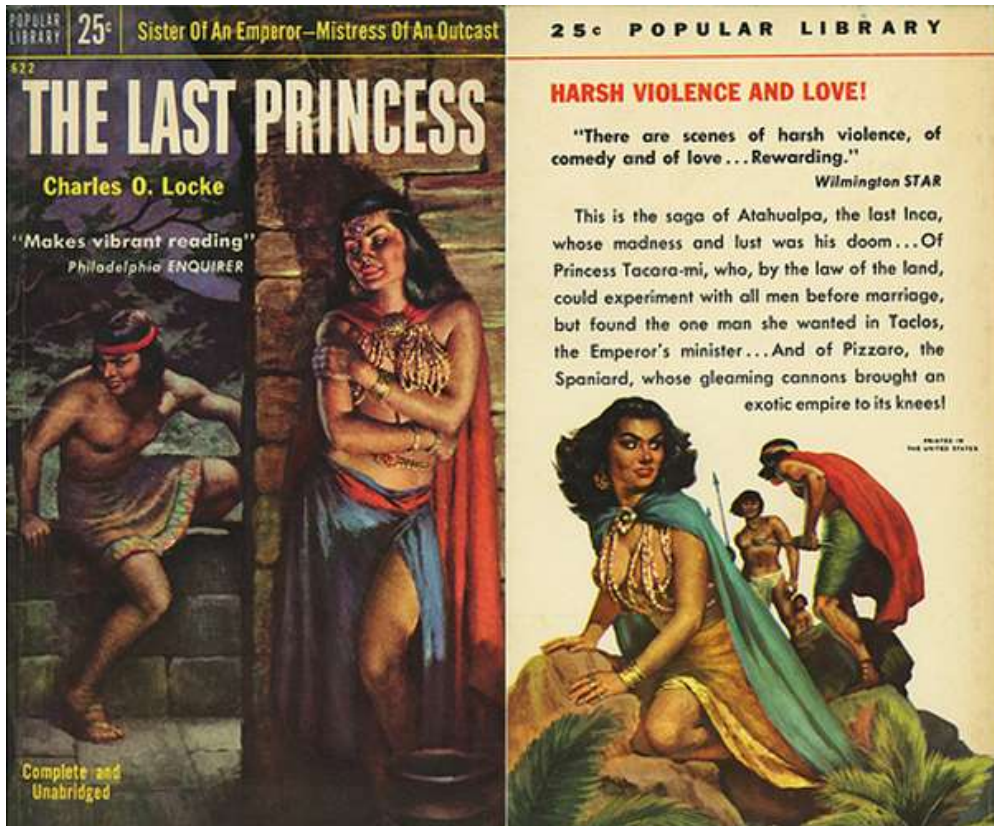
With Naked Foot/Emily Hahn



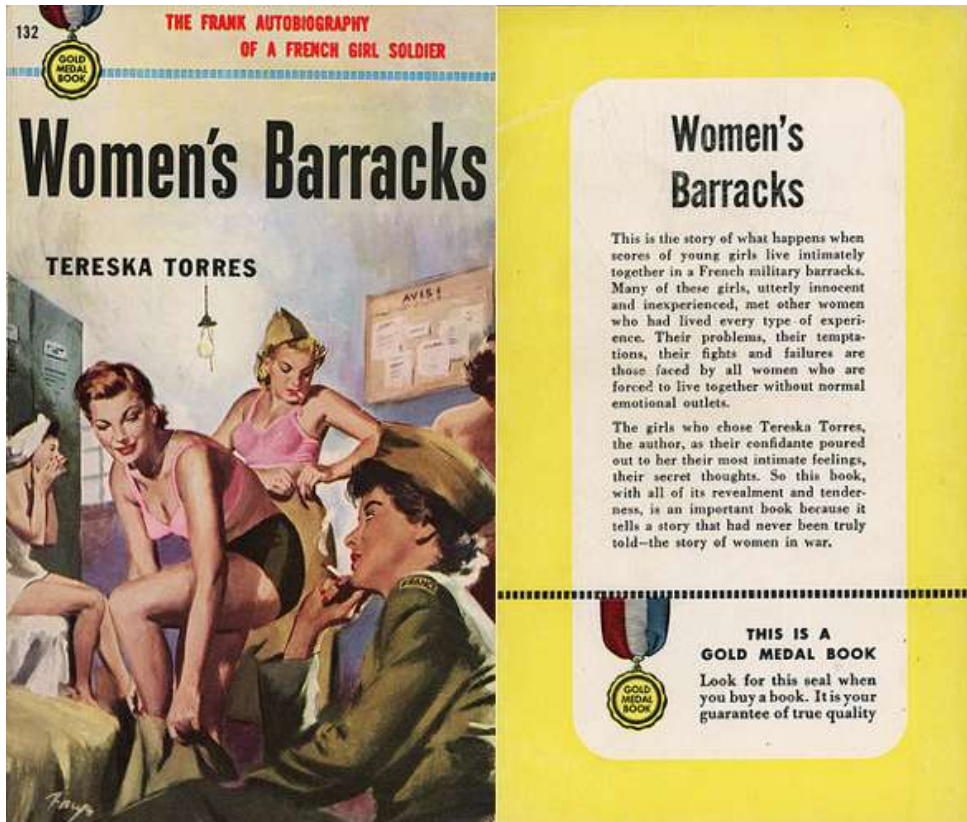
The Forbidden Road/Victor Canning



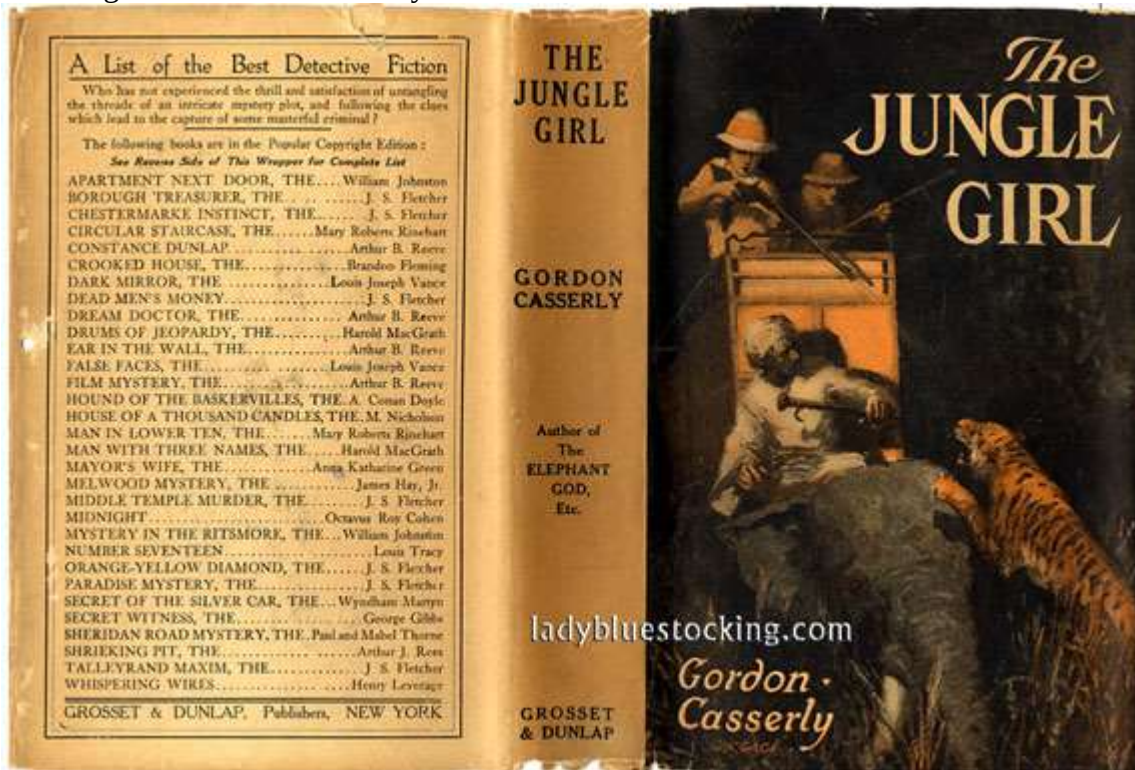
The Last Princess/Charles. O. Locke



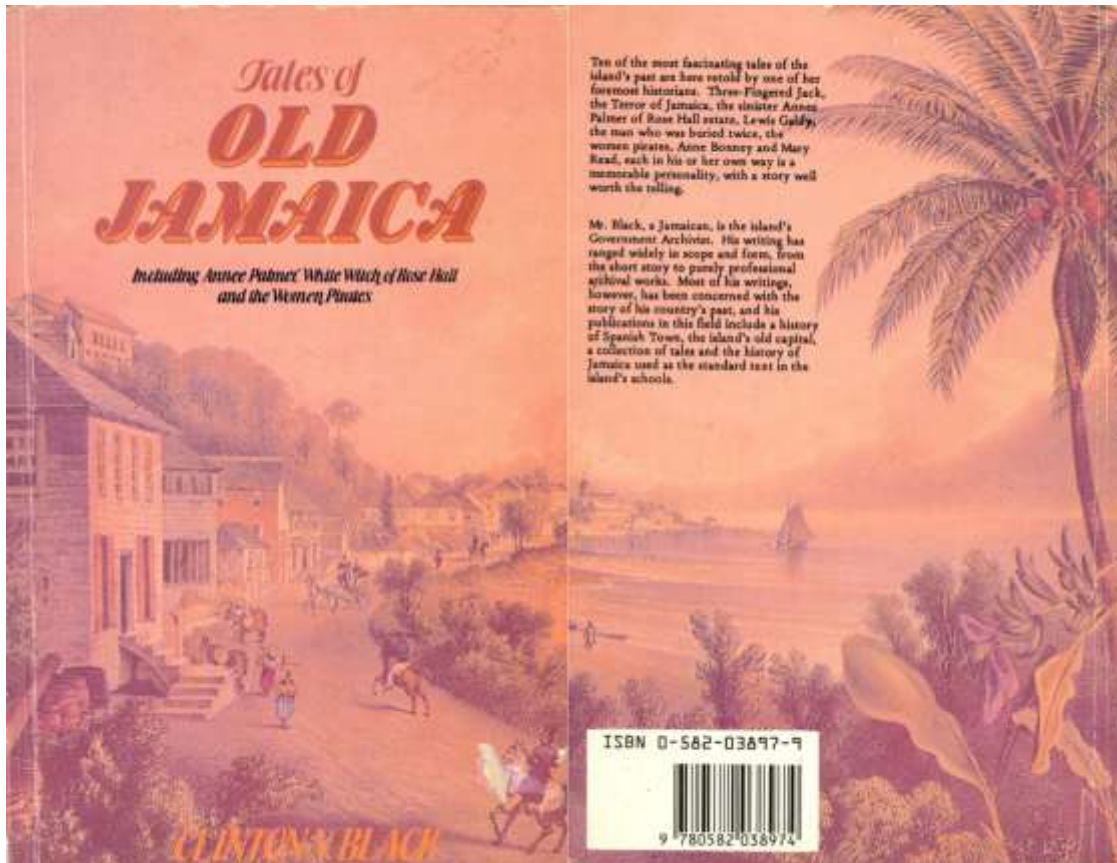
Women's Barracks/Teereska Torres



The Jungle Girl/Gordon Casserly



Tales of Old Jamaica/Clinton V. Black



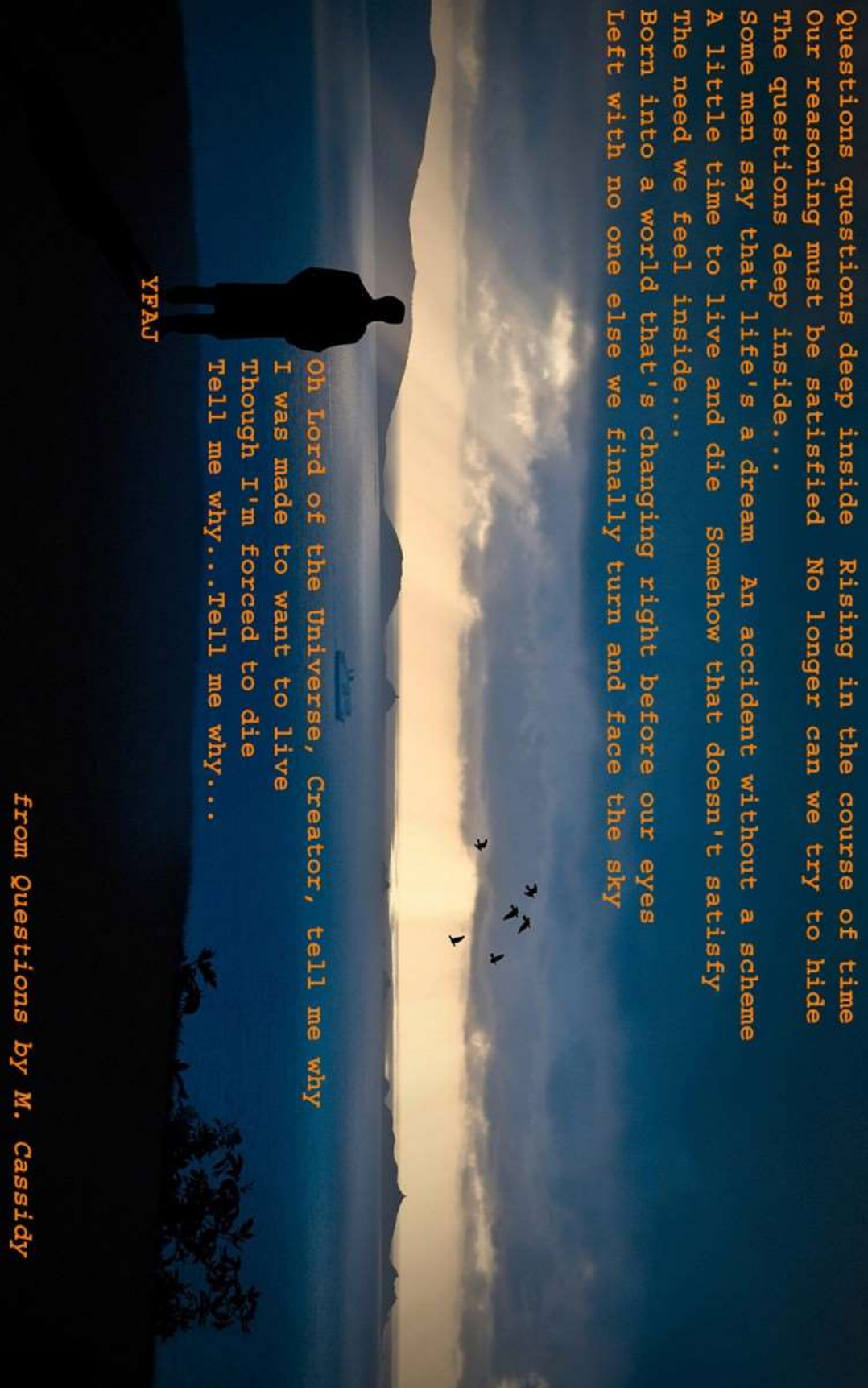
Mysterious Marie Laveau Voodoo Queen and Folk Tales Along the Mississippi/Raymond T. Martinez



THX 1138/Ben Bova



Ultimate Encounter/Bill Barry
The Ultimate Elsewhere/J.H. Brennan
Okla Hannali/R.A. Lafferty
Adventures in the Unknown Interior of America/Cabeza de Vaca
A Rip Van Winkle of the Kalahari/Frederick Cornell
The Leopard Woman/Stewart Edward White
The Strange Adventures of James Shervinton/Louis Becke
Five Skull Island/Alexander Montgomery
In Search of El Dorado/Harry Collingwood
Anting Anting Stories/Sargent Kayne
The Five of Me The Autobiography of a Multiple Personality/Henry Hawksworth with
Ted Schwarz
The Strange Profession of William King/Charles Drage
Naked Ebony/Dan Cushman
Black Jade/Angeline Taylor
China Coaster/Don Smith
The Golden Ones/C.V. Terry
Jadoo - Mysteries of the Orient/John Keel
Invisible Horizons/ Vincent Gaddis
The Mothman Prophecies/John Keel
Mysterious Lights and Fires/Vincent Gaddis
Dark Drums/Wenzell Brown
The Barbarian and the Geisha/Robert Payne
Slave Queen/Norman Gant
The Golden Isle/Frank Slaughter
Of Men and Plants/Maurice Messegue

A person stands on a dark, silhouetted beach, looking out at a vast ocean under a dramatic sky. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright, hazy glow that reflects on the water. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds. In the distance, a small boat is visible on the water, and a few birds are flying in the sky. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

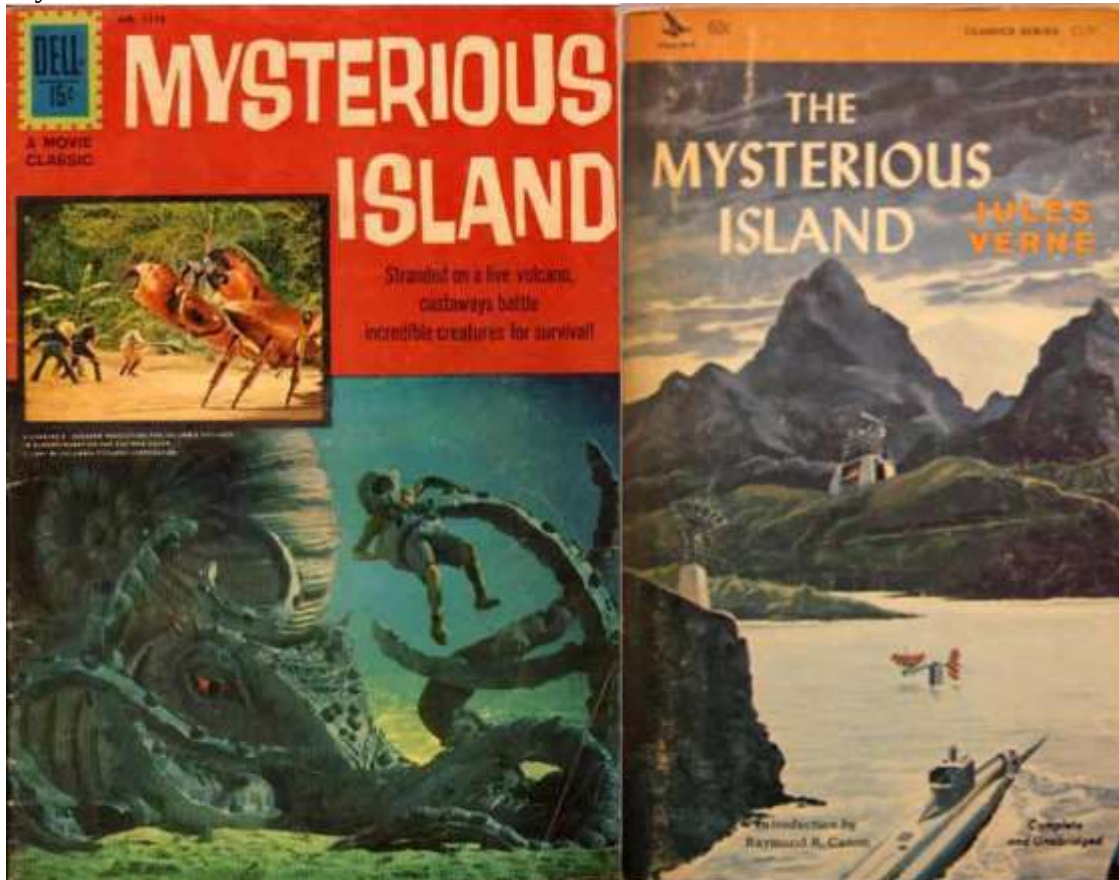
Questions questions deep inside Rising in the course of time
Our reasoning must be satisfied No longer can we try to hide
The questions deep inside...
Some men say that life's a dream An accident without a scheme
A little time to live and die Somehow that doesn't satisfy
The need we feel inside...
Born into a world that's changing right before our eyes
Left with no one else we finally turn and face the sky

Oh Lord of the Universe, Creator, tell me why
I was made to want to live
Though I'm forced to die
Tell me why...Tell me why...

YFAJ

from Questions by M. Cassidy

authors that influenced me in my youth
Jules Verne
Journey to the Center of the Earth
20,000 Thousand Leagues Under the Sea
From the Earth to the Moon
Mysterious Island



HG Wells

War of the Worlds

The Island of Doctor Moreau

The Invisible Man

The First Men in the Moon

When the Sleeper Wakes

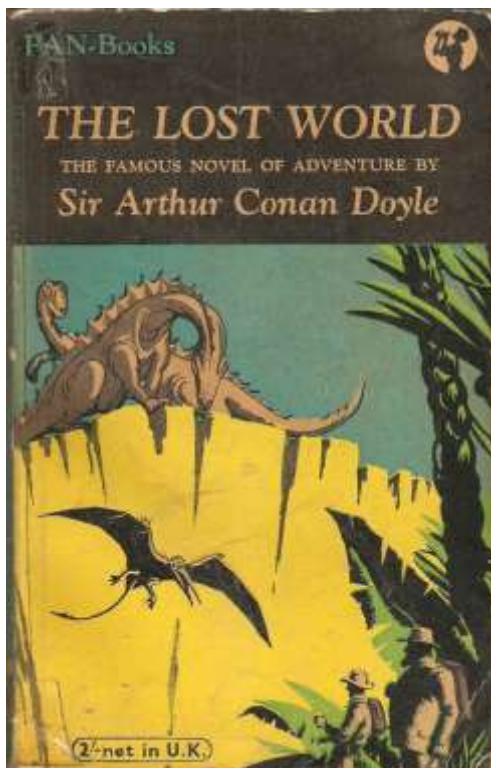
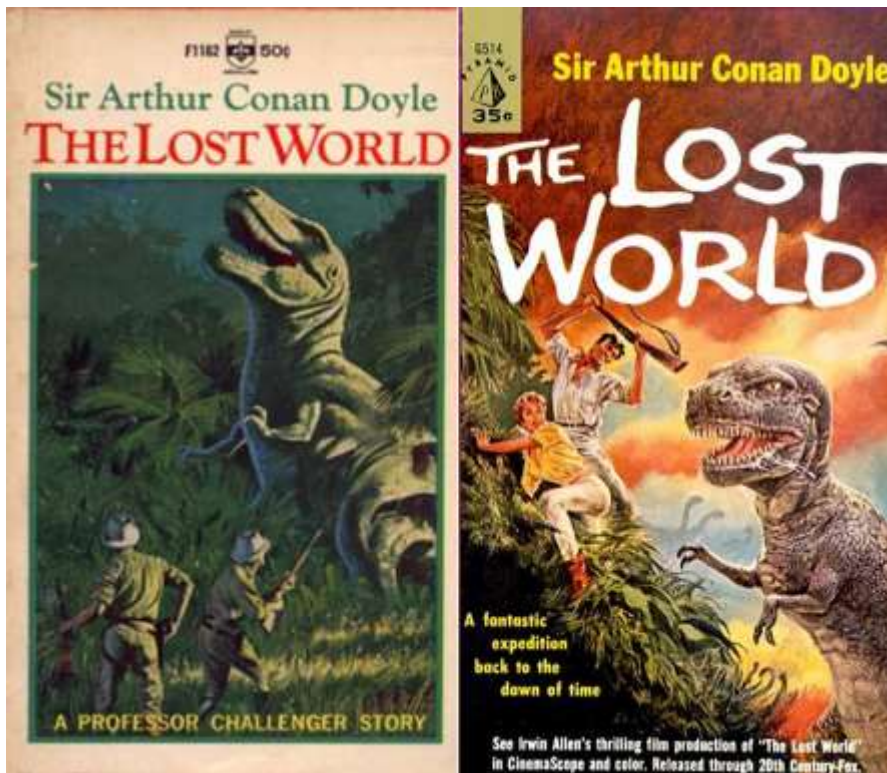
The Time Machine



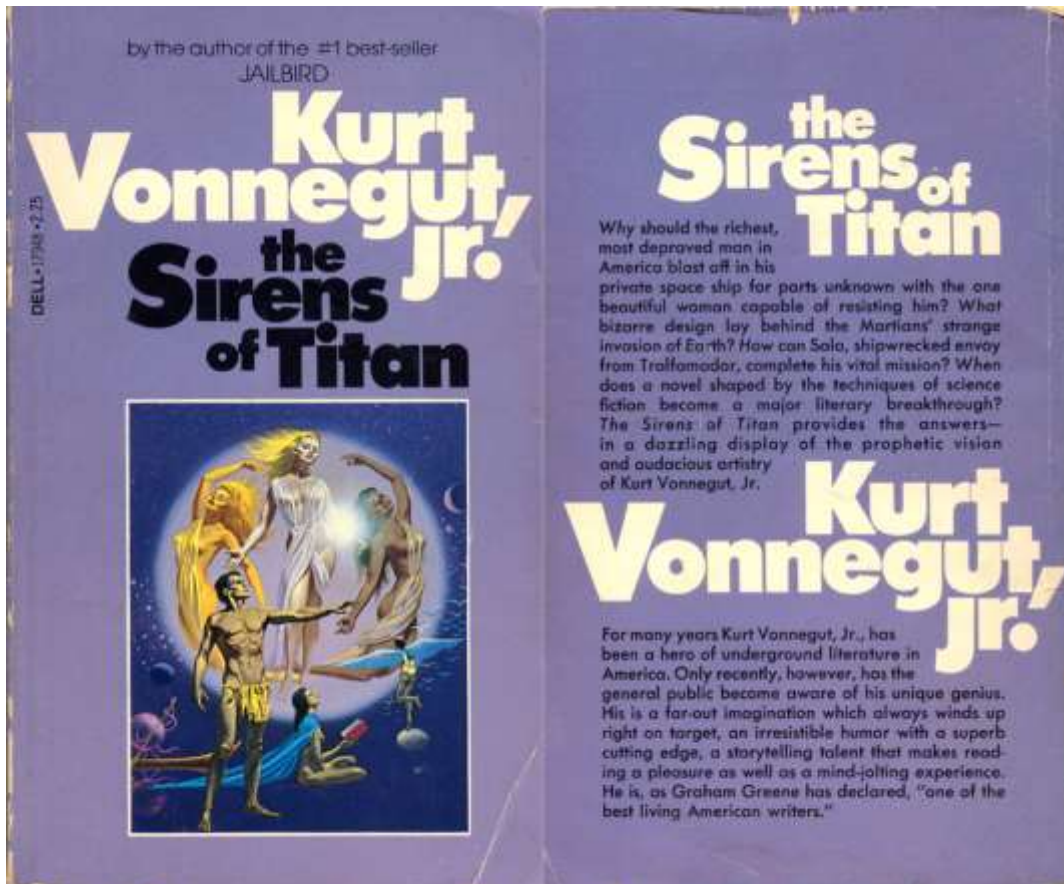
Edgar Rice Burroughs
Tarzan of the Apes
The Return of Tarzan
Pellucidar
At the Earth's Core
The Lost Continent
Tarzan at the Earth's Core



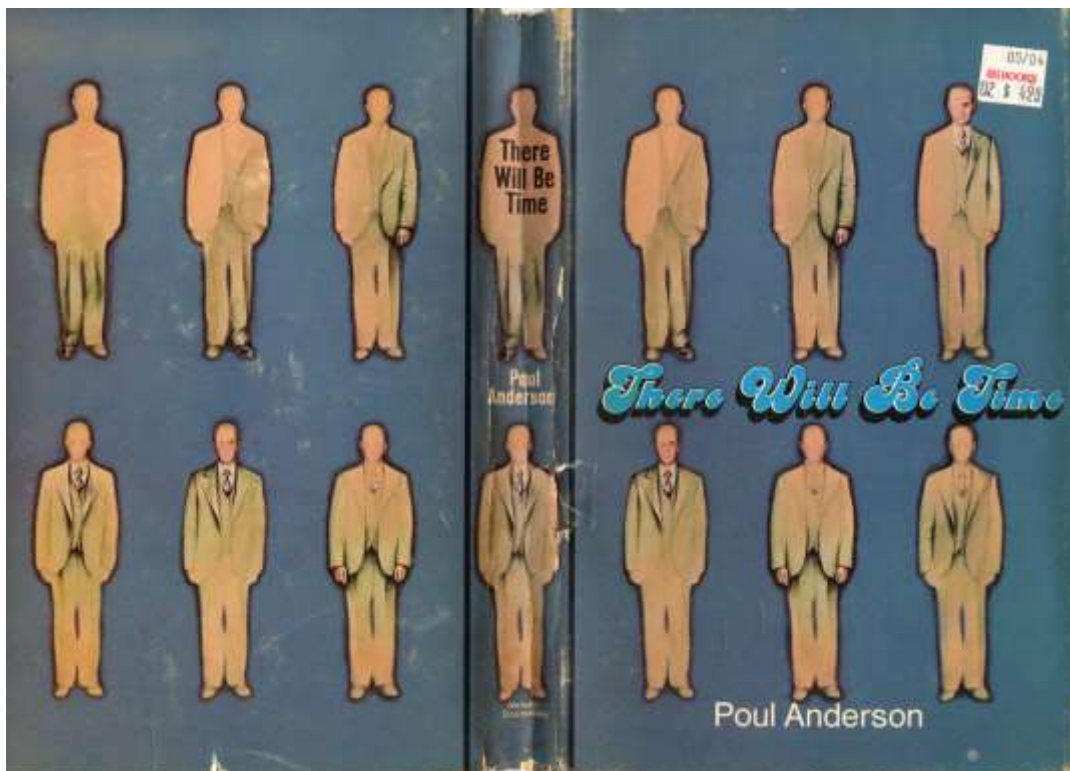
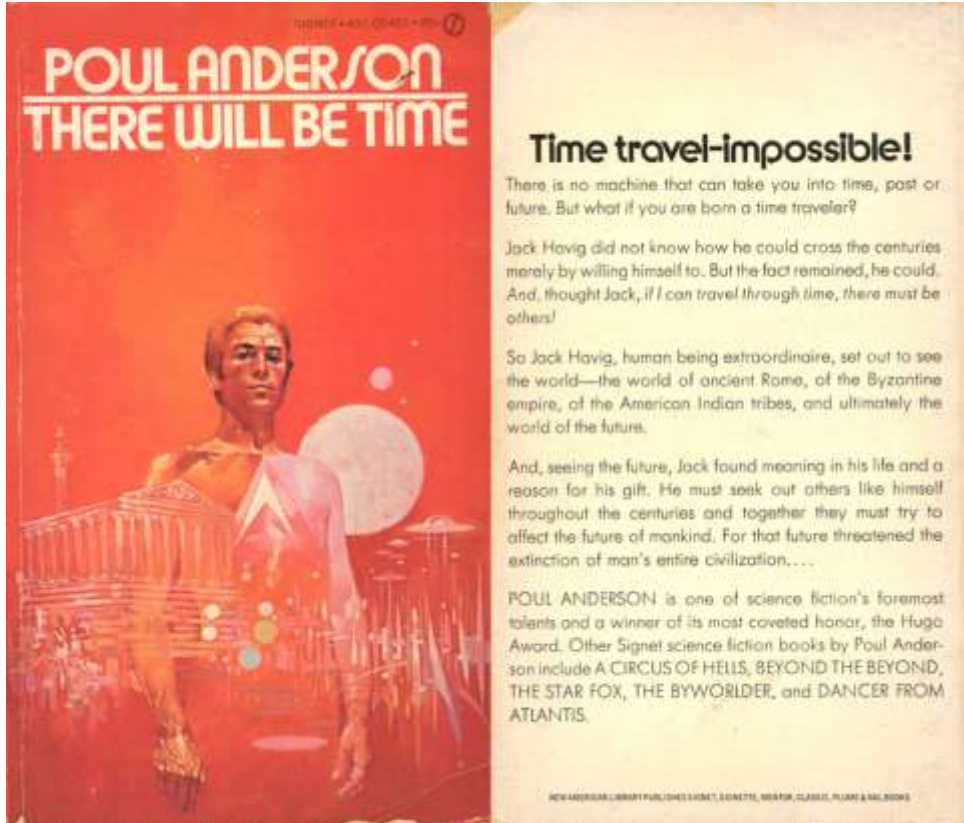
Arthur Conan Doyle
Hound of the Baskervilles
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
The Lost World



Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Slaughterhouse Five
Cat's Cradle
Between Timid and Timbuktu
Player Piano
God Bless You Mister Rosewater
Mother Night
the Sirens of Titan



Poul Anderson
There Will Be Time



There Will Be Time

by Poul Anderson

Soon after his birth in 1933, Jack Havig's parents experienced the first of many frightening incidents associated with their son. One day he seemed to appear double, disappear and then reappear before his terrified mother's eyes. When he was older, his parents were disturbed to hear him telling wild stories about visits to an Indian camp, stories so detailed and realistic that they seemed more than just the product of a child's imagination. During adolescence, the boy disappeared for a long period only to be brought back by a mysterious man who vanished before he could be questioned.

Eventually Jack realized that he possessed an incredible power that set him apart from the rest of mankind. Through the exercise of his will alone, he was able to travel through time! He had visited the past when America was a greener, more beautiful land, and traveling to the future, Jack had seen the terrible consequences of the war.

(continued on back flap)

Book Club
Edition

(continued from front flap)

Catching glimpses of a strange civilization on the other side of the dark centuries that followed that dreadful conflict, he wondered if somehow he could help mankind avoid the war in the first place. If there were any other time travelers and he could find them, perhaps they could do something to stop the coming holocaust.

After a search that spanned centuries and continents, Jack found himself in Jerusalem on the day of the Crucifixion. When a stranger approached him and asked if he were a time traveler, Jack knew at last that he was not alone. Together with several others, Jack journeyed ahead through time to America, sometime in the future when savage hordes called the Mong roamed the land.

The time travelers had built a fortress called the Eyrie, ruled over by Caleb Wallis, a 19th-century American. It didn't take Jack long to discover that Wallis was a power-mad despot whose grandiose schemes for "saving" civilization posed more of a threat to humanity than a dozen atomic wars. Determined to thwart Wallis's plans, Jack found himself plunged into a terrifying struggle that would sweep him across the very face of time itself.

In this gripping, action-packed novel, Poul Anderson, author of such books as **The Dancer from Atlantis** and **Beyond the Beyond**, once more demonstrates the Hugo and Nebula award-winning talents that have made him one of science fiction's most acclaimed and popular writers.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

5341

BillySeagull

Chemtrails in Flushing, Queens yesterday

Chemtrails in Flushing, Queens yesterday

John,

I just did a search on chemtrails & Queens & you popped up. Yesterday, I witnessed about 8 or ten planes spraying chemical agents in and around my neighborhood in Flushing, Queens. I took about 100 photos & 3 videos of the perpetrators, no doubt our beloved US military, attacking it's own citizens. Witnessing this has scared the shit out of me & I will never be the same. I've now been researching into chemtrails & I am astounding out what I am learning. This kind of evil is just unimaginable & I'm now scared to breathe the air outside. Thanks for posting your video.
If you want my pics, send your email addy.

Regards, Billy 2010



4-27-02 Saturday 1632 DST

Hare Krsna

I've been limping around in circles since Thursday. I work at 121 West 19th Street 8th floor. At approximately 1130 there was an explosion in the basement of 121-123 West 19th Street. It was at 1130 on Thursday the 25th of April 2002.

April 25th 1975 I was officially discharged from the USN with the rank of Seaman Recruit - the same rank I entered with at boot camp on December 7th 1973 [Pearl Harbor Day].

On April 25th 2002, as I stood at my work counter and entered the proper information in the appropriate blank spaces of the divorce papers that I received in the mail the previous day, I, and many others I am sure, experienced a simultaneous earthquake and "BOOM" sound.

My eyes instinctively turned my head and looked towards the window at the area beyond the window - the passenger elevator & the freight elevators. All in the eternal space of a split-second - another explosion - my body sort of ducked as the space beyond the window turned into thick black smoke and flying orange embers. My body moved slightly to the left then slightly to the right - undecided about what to do - frozen I guess for another eternal split-second - and then my body moved towards the open doorway which leads out to the elevators - I look out into the smoke - I can barely see the closest freight elevator door hanging loosely and sort of swinging or shaking.

[I walked quickly to the staircase next to the freight elevator and looked down the stairs and saw the stairs on the very bottom were just a pile of rubble.]

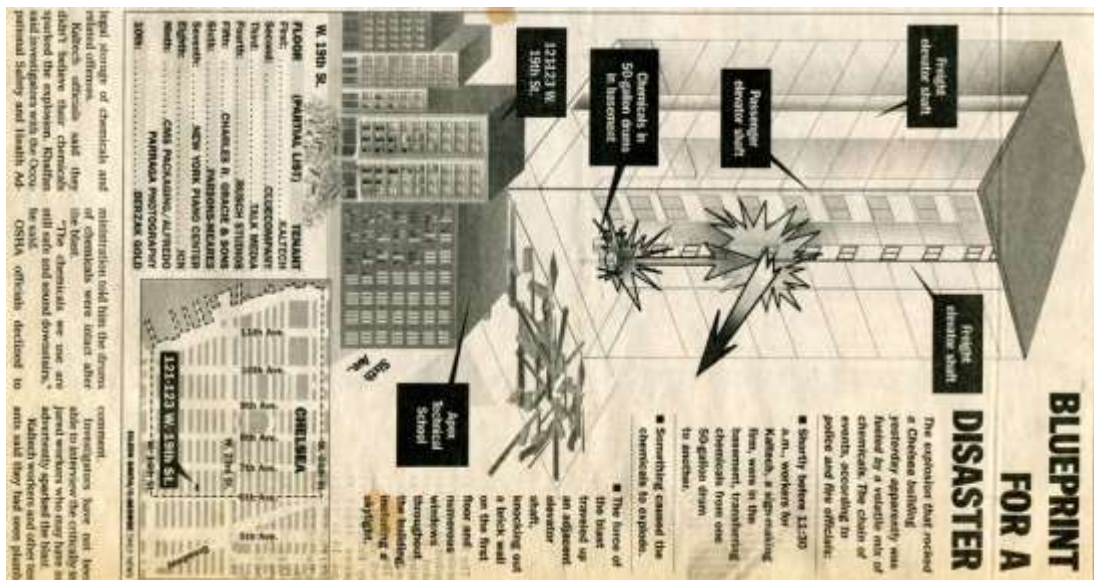
I go back inside my work space and take my backpack out of the closet and put it on top of the counter and gather up my divorce papers and put them in the backpack. I then grab my jacket & sweater & put them with the backpack.

I then opened the inside door of my work space which leads to the Vertis offices. Everyone was sort of running around and saying to get out and getting their coats & bags.

I went back to the outer door of my work space & closed it so no fire would come this way if there were fire. James Mongan came into my room and told me to get my bag & let's go.

I picked up the wooden plate we use to secure the window at night and put it into place covering the window. I then grabbed my coat & sweater & then my bag which James had put on his desk. I then proceeded with James down the few stairs to 118 West 20th Street 7th floor. When we got to the reception area Cheryl Morse was there and others. I only remember Cheryl because she asked if anyone called 911. James said no, so they went to her office and called. I recall Peter Jennings & Danielle Rivers coming out of the Macy's

When I reached the ground floor and got outside I could see the sidewalk across the street was crowded. There was a man in the middle of the street trying to guide people away from the building & across the street.



Gossip

Rush & Mollay..... 36-37

Weather

Mostly sunny, windy and cool. High 58, low 45.

Lottery

New York

Evening 548 Win Four: \$242
Midday: 776 Win Four: \$242
Pick 10: 1-5-8-9-10-14-15-23-38-44-47-49-50-51-53-59-64-65-74-79
Take 5: 11-21-23-37-38
Wednesday's Lotto:
7-39-50-56-26-41
Bonus: 3

New Jersey

Pick 3: 445 Pays \$247
Box \$82 Pays: \$24.50
Pick Four: 8477
Pays \$3,230.50 Box: \$269
Cash 5: 8-26-30-33-36
Pick 6: 3-33-34-38-43-46

Connecticut

Daily Number: 102
Play Four: 6373
Cash 5: 10-12-18-20-30

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Harrowing tales of close escape

By FERNANDA SANTOS and LEO STANDORA
DAILY NEWS STAFF WRITERS

It was minutes after the blast in Chelsea, and Gavinder Dhillon was safely outside with other survivors yesterday, many battered, bloodied and bandaged.

After checking the faces around him, Dhillon said, his stomach dropped. His buddy and co-worker at Kaltech, graphic designer Martin Salcedo, was nowhere in sight.

He later found the 35-year-old father of three being carried unconscious to an ambulance.

Salcedo suffered a fractured skull and gashes on his face and shoulder that may have caused nerve damage.

But doctors at St. Vincent's Medical Center had some good news. "He was talking before we began surgery, so it seems his brain functions are normal," one doctor said.

Salcedo's tearful wife, Maria, sat praying in a waiting room last night, worry etched on her face. "I don't know how he's going to turn out after this," she said, shaking her head.

Her father-in-law, Manuel, said he was confident his son would be fine — with "God's help."

"He has the greatest smile, as big as they get, and I'm sure we're going to see it again soon," he said.

Salcedo was one of a dozen critically injured in the explosion, many of them Kaltech employees.

Zehem Ahmed, Francis Parone, 46, Lech Wojciechowski, 57, and Sam Gilchrist, 26, also were in critical condition at St. Vincent's.

Waiting and hoping

At St. Vincent's, Nesha Ramkissoon, 22, wrung her hands, waiting for word about her husband, Ravie, 25, a Kaltech machine operator.

"We are married only a year, and this happens," she said. "I can't believe it. I'm shocked."

A short time later, doctors told the young wife her husband had suffered minor injuries.

Nesha sighed with relief. "I was so nervous," she said. "But now I just want to see him."

Farook Mohammed, a Kaltech worker who was in the basement at the time of the explosion, remembered feeling his arms and hands burn, and then being engulfed in a black cloud of smoke and debris.

"For 10 minutes, I could not see," the Guyanese immigrant told friends and family who visited him at the burn unit at New York Weill Cornell Medical Center.

Kaltech employees pointed out the casualty toll would have been far worse had the explosion taken place just a half hour later. The blast site was next to the Kaltech lunchroom.

With Maki Becker and Ralph R. Ortega



CHAOS IN CHELSEA Rubble chokes sidewalk on 19th St. between Sixth and Seventh Aves.

Echoes of 9/11

By MICHELE MCPHIE
DAILY NEWS POLICE BUREAU CHIEF

It was late morning, and firefighters from Ladder Co. 12 were a few blocks from their W. 19th St. firehouse, buying hamburger and macaroni for the day's meal.

Their EDNY brethren of Engine Co. 3 had stayed behind, checking firefighting gear and waiting for the call to a job.

At 11:29 a.m., Engine 3 firefighter Ken Dorsey felt the floor tremble below him as a thunderous boom rocked the firehouse.

"The first thing we thought was the worst — terrorism," Dorsey said. "We lost five guys that day [Sept. 11], so the worst things came to my mind. 'Oh, no, not again.'"

Without waiting for the bells to signal them to respond, Engine 3's rig rolled out of quarters and halfway up the block, where the firefighters hopped off the truck and stepped over shattered glass, charred furniture and pieces of pulverized cinder block that littered the rain-slick street.

A chemical blast had tripped through a 10-story office building, taking down walls and sending a fireball through a nearby freight elevator shaft.

Screaming, burned and bleeding workers were standing, soaked, in the cold, pelting rain. Other bloodied, bruised victims were yelling for help from a third-floor window.

Running for their lives

Workers fight debris, duck for cover as building erupts

By MIKE CLAFFEY and DAVE GOLDNER
DAILY NEWS STAFF WRITERS

Michael Gracie was showing a customer samples of hand-painted Chinese wallpapers when the ground-shuddering explosion erupted without warning.

Halfway up the 10-story Chelsea building, rolls of expensive antique wallpaper teetered in the showroom of his family's home furnishings company.

An empty Dumpster rolled 30 feet across the fifth-floor showroom as some of the 16 workers screamed.

"The whole building just shook," said Gracie, 33. "I was thinking it was terrorism. We just didn't know."

Within seconds, the fear inside the offices of the 104-year-old family-owned company turned to determination.

Joined by his father, Brian, Michael Gracie gathered the workers — plus the customer — and decided to try to walk down to the street.

They made it as far as the second-floor landing, where clouds of choking dust billowed up from the piles of rubble blocking the stairs.

"It got very hard to breathe," Gracie said. "I didn't know what to do next. We really wanted to get out of the building."

The blast ripped huge chunks of concrete and debris off the walls of the stairwell. Elevator shafts were blown away, leaving frightened building workers inside stranded cars.

"They were stuck in limbo," Gracie said. "The elevators were



Michael Gracie

down on me," said Franzreb, 51, of Staten Island. "These chandelier blocks came down upon me. The only thing that saved me was the coffee wagon."

His arm in a sling, Franzreb sat on the curb along with a dozen other dazed and bruised victims.

Down the block, postal worker Rose Denton was pushing her mail cart when the huge blast erupted in front of her eyes.

"The whole middle of the building just blew right out," said Denton, 42, of Staten Is-





SUSAN WATTS/DAILY NEWS

SURVIVOR An apparently dazed man is led from the scene of the explosion yesterday in Chelsea, where part of a building was destroyed.

don't bother Bravest

Engine 3 firefighters raced into the building to lead people to safety, with Ladder 12 right behind them. Ladder 12's driver raised the truck's tower ladder and its basket to the third floor.

'People all over the street'

Firefighter Todd Neckin of Ladder 12 raced up and began plucking panicked workers from the window, while Fire-fighter Tom Lane waited on the ground to escort the rescued to nearby ambulances. Of the 20 people he helped from the window, at least one was seriously injured, Neckin said.

"There were people all over the street, a lot of them were hurt. . . . There was destruction

all over," he said. "You try to calm down and take things a step at a time, but it's hard not to think about what happened" on Sept. 11.

Meanwhile, Ladder Co. 3 responded from E. 13th St. and went to work freeing people from a passenger elevator.

Ladder 3 Lt. Reid Janitz, who lost 12 firefighters in the World Trade Center attack, said he was worried about another collapse, or a second explosion, that could put everyone in the building in danger.

"I was very concerned about the safety of my men. I knew we had a job to do, and I focused on that," said Janitz, who, with other firefighters, used hand

tools to pry open the elevator doors to free its trapped occupants.

Officials said 165 firefighters, aboard 30 trucks, responded to the scene. One firefighter, William McCarthy of Ladder 5, was taken to St. Vincent's Medical Center with minor back injuries.

Last night, Fire Commissioner Nicholas Scoppetta applauded the way his department handled the emergency.

"Some of the members who heard it and responded might have momentarily thought back to the Sept. 11 attack," he said. "But they immediately put those thoughts aside and courageously rushed inside to help the dozens of people who needed help."

workers — plus the customer — and decided to try to walk down to the street.

They made it as far as the second-floor landing, where clouds of choking dust billowed up from the piles of rubble blocking the stairs.

"It got very hard to breathe," Gracie said. "I didn't know what to do next. We really wanted to get out of the building."

The blast ripped huge chunks of concrete and debris off the walls of the stairwell. Elevator shafts were blown away, leaving frightened building workers inside stranded cars.

"They were stuck in limbo," Gracie said. "The elevators were just hanging there."

Tension built as dozens of people from upper floors started to back up behind Gracie and his workers.

He yelled out through a 10-foot-tall window to a fire chief, asking for a rescue ladder. But he decided not to wait for help.

Picking his way over the debris, Gracie finally managed to get through and reach the street.

Within a few minutes, his dad and the rest were standing safely outside on the corner of Seventh Ave. under a cold rain.

"Once everyone got out, we felt a lot better," said Gracie. "It's miraculous. It wasn't worse."

Outside, on W. 19th St., they were greeted by a carpet of broken bricks, glass and cinder blocks. Firefighters, cops and other emergency workers helped the injured as badly shaken witnesses described the blast and its aftermath.

UPS worker Bill Franzreb was preparing to make a delivery on the street when he heard a hiss and an explosion. He ducked behind a coffee cart as debris crashed down.

"The whole building came

down on me," said Franzreb, 51, of Staten Island. "These cinder blocks came down upon me. The only thing that saved me was the coffee wagon."

His arm in a sling, Franzreb sat on the curb along with a dozen other dazed and bruised victims.

Down the block, postal worker Rose Denton was pushing her mail cart when the huge blast erupted in front of her eyes.

"The whole middle of the building just blew right out," said Denton, 42, of Staten Island. "All I know is that it scared the hell out of me."

Peter Molina was one of scores of students studying inside the APEX technical school classrooms when the blast rocked the building next door.

Thinking the explosion came from inside their building, students in Molina's refrigeration class on the sixth floor fled.

"There was panic," said Molina, 32. "Everybody was saying, 'Get out, get out, get out.'"

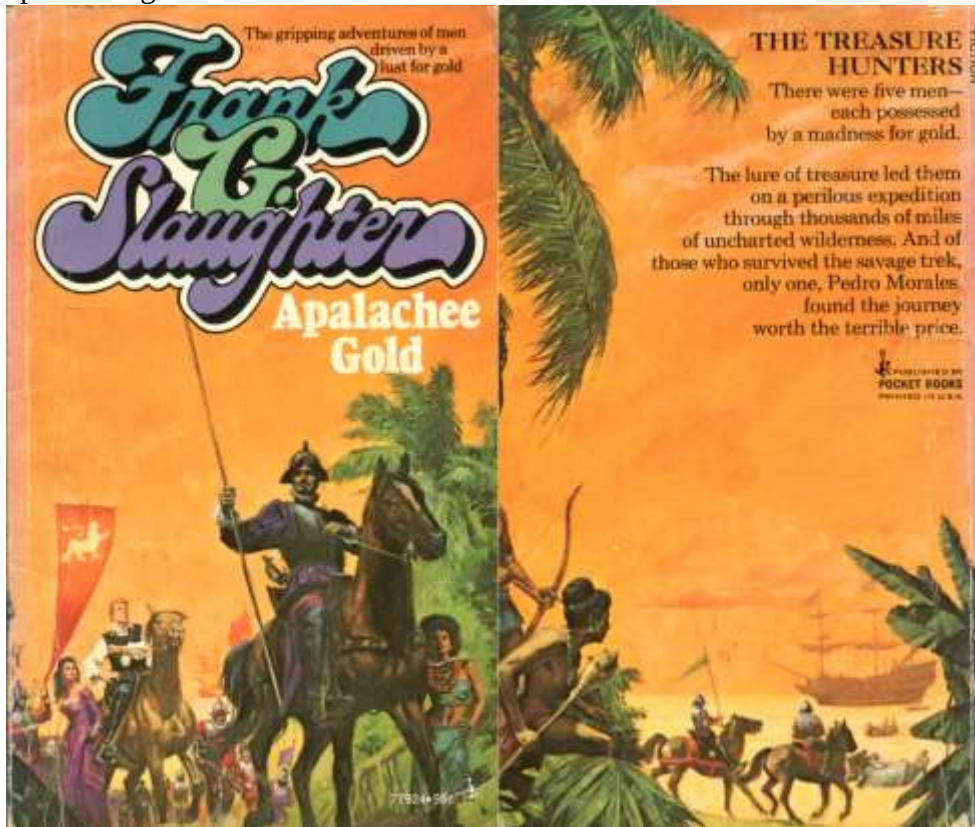
More terror fear here

New Yorkers are more worried about future terrorism than other Americans, a new poll shows.

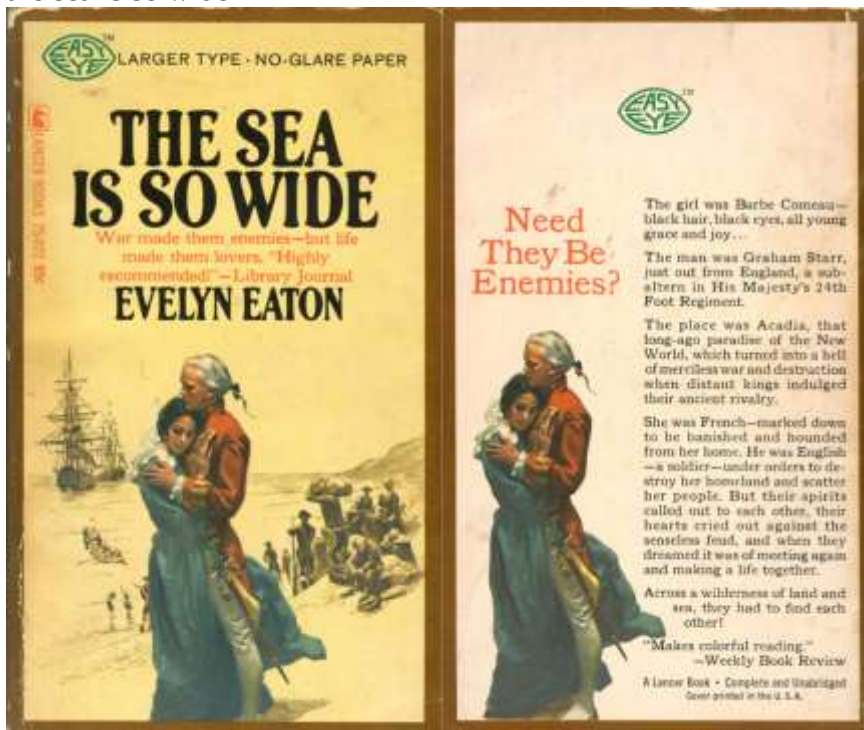
But only 22% of New Yorkers worry a great deal about another attack, according to a survey by the Center for Public Policy at the University of Houston. By contrast, 14% in Chicago and 13% in Los Angeles and Houston worry a lot about the possibility of attacks on their cities, the center said. Most Americans consider the attacks a "stumbling block," but not something that "really changed the way they live their lives," said director Richard Murray.

Owen Moritz

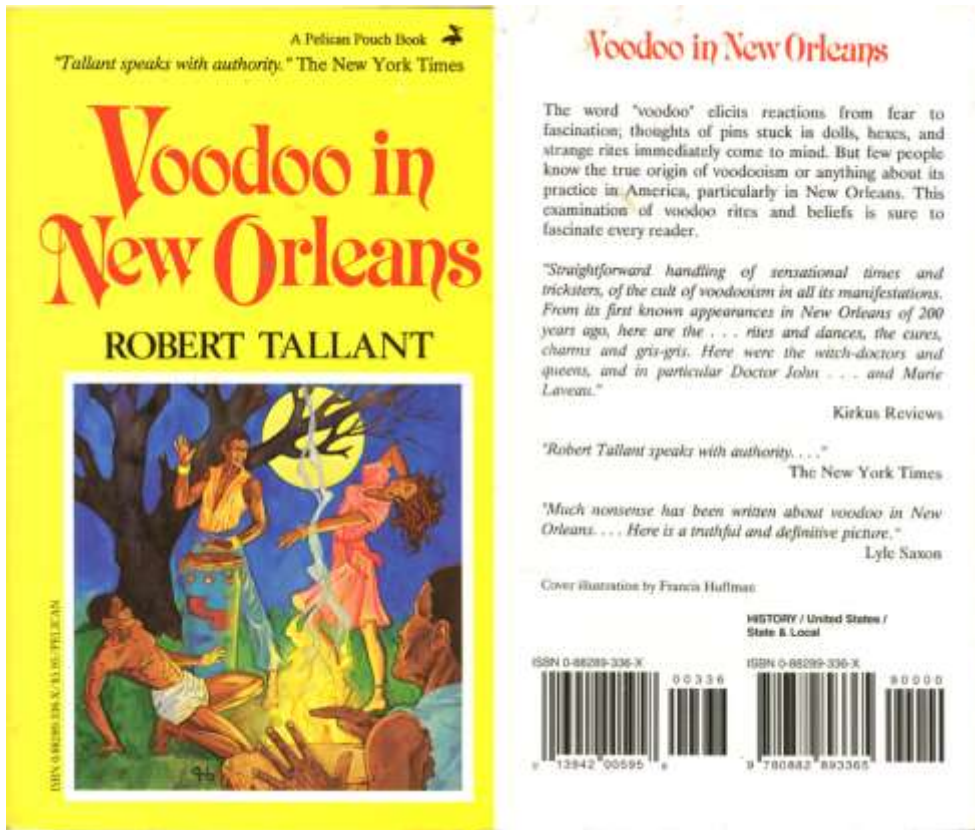
I stack my new books
a small pile of soft covers
apalachee gold



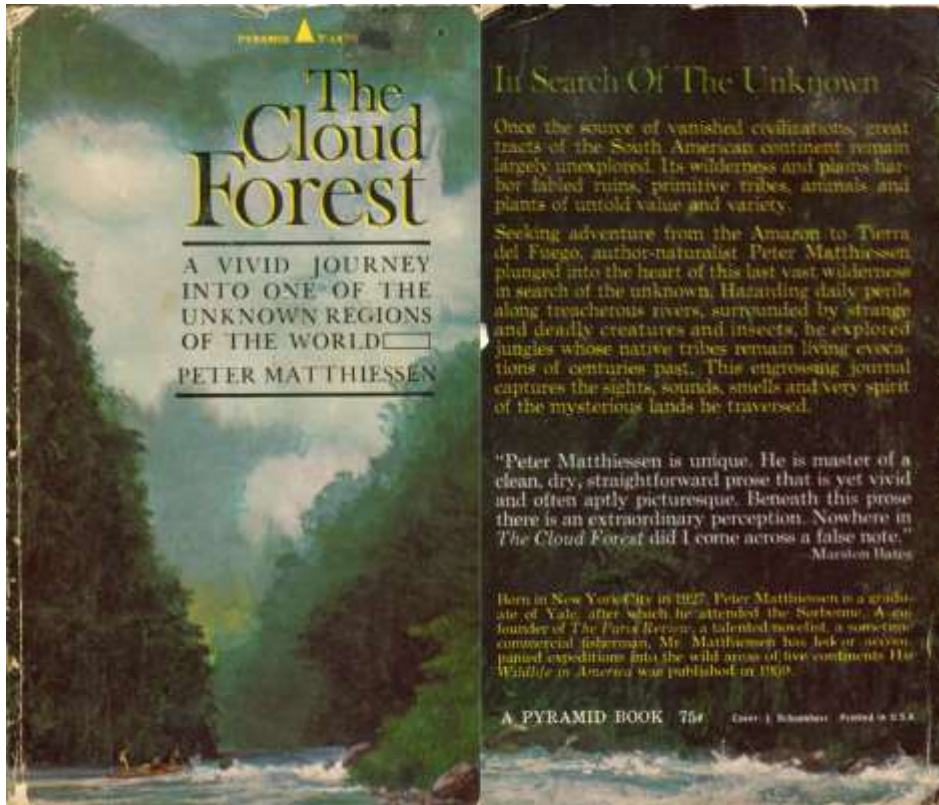
the sea is so wide



voodoo in new Orleans



the cloud forest



mountain Charlie
the earth is the lord's



etc, etc, etc...

some I purchased through the internet
paid for by usps money order
shipped via usps
some from the strand bookstore
some from mercer street bookstore
some from alabaster bookstore
I have them stacked on top of each other
and I look at them each
take them off the stack
look at the cover front and back
maybe read a paragraph on a random page
put the book back in the pile
take out another and repeat
just taking small peaks into them
anticipating when I can enter them fully
enter into a different world
different from the daily grind
of work and bills and fear and loneliness
am I trying to escape reality?
I don't see it that way
I see it as laying the foundation
for my next version of reality
after the death of this one
an attempt to fill my consciousness
with better desires
for a better existence next life
to progress to evolve
life is precious
time passes
I must become human 08 29 13

10 02 2009 to Joey (Dick) DiLorenzo

The past shouldn't exist in the present.

Joe, I saw you on White Knight's friends list. I want to say this and then let it go.

What happened many years ago, I want you to know, hurt me very much. I felt betrayed by a friend. Put yourself in my shoes at that time - I was standing there with a baseball bat in my hands ready to bash in the head of whoever was breaking into my apartment and the door opened and it was my friend. Someone who I had defended when people told me to kick him out of my basement when he would be sick puking drunk, or they would say not to let him smoke with us when he didn't chip in, or he was too young to handle this or that. When the door opened and I saw who it was, my heart sank into my stomach. Shock, hurt, betrayed, used, etc... It wasn't the loss of material things that hurt. It was the loss of friendship and trust.

There is no past and there is no future. There is only the present.

If this means nothing to you, that is ok.

So it goes. Now it's gone.

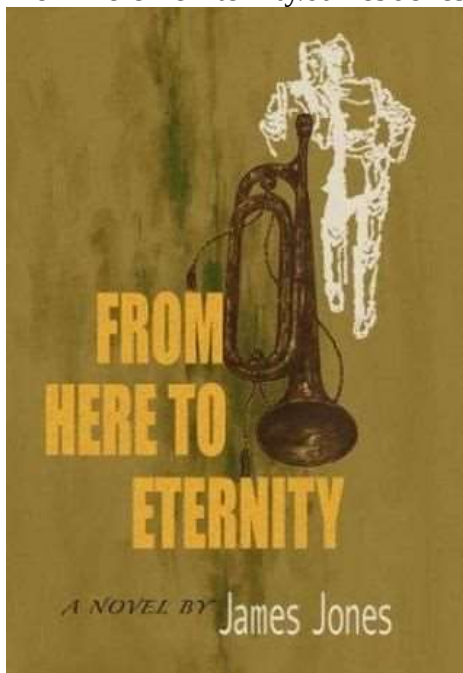
Don Powles 030510

Hey John, How are you doing ? What's a good time to call you?

I have to tell you a long story. I left my girlfriend Theresa. I don't live in Glendale anymore. She doesn't know where I am. And I don't want her to know. I want to talk to you. Don't tell Butch or the others. I'll explain it to you on the phone.

“Jack Malloy was able to love the human race because he expected ahead-of-time to be let down by his friends and hurt by his enemies and betrayed by his leaders. He saw these things as natural reactions to be anticipated, instead of perfidies to be decried.”

From Here To Eternity/James Jones



Dreaming and thinking -

I dreamt I wasn't me. It was me but in a different body. Young and strong and blonde. I was a very strong swimmer. I can swim in real life but not like I was in dreamland. I was going away for two weeks to a scholarship competition. My dad was the same as in real life when I was young except he wasn't an alcoholic who deserted his family. He was poor but he was there. In the dream he was telling me not to worry if I didn't get any scholarship that he would find a way to pay my tuition. I knew he was sincere but I also knew he would have a hard time doing it. That was nice and it was different from the reality of my past.

I went to the competition with a group of young men like myself. I remember swimming in the clearest water you can imagine. A lake of crystal clear warm water. I remember swimming with great ease like I was floating on water. I even remarked to myself at one point while swimming - "It feels like I'm floating on air." I looked down into the water and I could see straight to the bottom. I could see rocks and plants and big fish. I saw a plastic baby doll sitting on a rock down there. I dove under water to see if I could reach it but I stopped and swam back to the surface because I didn't know how deep the water was and I didn't want to go so far down that I couldn't make it back topside. I looked down again at the doll and it transformed into a young boy who swam away.

Other things happened that are not so significant such as usual things that go on in a dorm with young men away from home - goofing on each other, etc. It was the first time I was not me - the me I am now and the me I was as a young man - I was someone completely different.

When I woke up I started to think about the brave people in my life. How brave my son Jahnu is to keep working at being an actor - not knowing where his next paycheck is coming from, always auditioning, much more rejection than acceptance, but still working toward his goal and not surrendering.

I thought of my oldest son, Rama, and how he went to the army when he knew he would be sent to war. He wanted to support his new wife and baby and that was the only way he thought he could do it. I thought he was crazy. I would not have done it. But he did it and it has cost him a lot. I thought that was brave.

I thought of my youngest son, Bhakti, who has a new baby and just moved out of here. He has a new job that he likes because he is doing something he wants to do. He paid for his own training. He is going to move again soon to a new home. He and his wife are doing it with no assistance from me.

I thought of you, Marta, and how you have been doing everything by yourself. Supporting 4 people. Working your little butt off. Moving to a different state. Probably snowed in right now. Starting over in a completely new environment. Sacrificing for your children.

So many brave people doing what I am afraid to do - change. yfaj 2015

I had a father once
I don't remember him much
he was hardly at home
except when he was

he drank a lot of beer
he smoked a lot of Lucky Strike cigarettes
he cursed a lot
he hit me a lot
with his fists and his leather belt
he yelled at me a lot
he called me names like knucklehead and stupid
and always told me to shut up
he forced me to clean his nasty feet and
in between his toes
when I was young

he stole all my money
when I was not so young

he got me a job
he got me an apartment
he treated my puerto rican wife with love and respect
when I was a newlywed

he hugged me once
one night
and the next week his body died
35 years ago
happy fathers day 2014



I remember when I was in the 1st grade in 1960 and I went to the supermarket with my mother. When we got to the checkout there was a display of Flintstones' spoons and forks for sale. They were basically just kid size utensils with the handle being either fred or barney, etc... I begged and cajoled until my mom relented and bought a Fred Flintstone spoon for me. I was so happy. When we got home I took it out of the plastic wrapping and washed it myself so I could use it for supper that night. I couldn't wait. Later that evening my father came home, drunk as usual, and he brought the man who lived next door in for a drink. They both had some beers and then they both were going to go next door. The man's wife had cooked dinner and so he invited my dad over. While they were sitting in our kitchen my dad and his drunken pal noticed my Fred Flintstone spoon. They started laughing like idiots. Then my dad asked his drinking partner if he wanted to have dinner with Fred Flintstone. They both cracked up and then they left. With my spoon. My heart sank and my stomach turned.

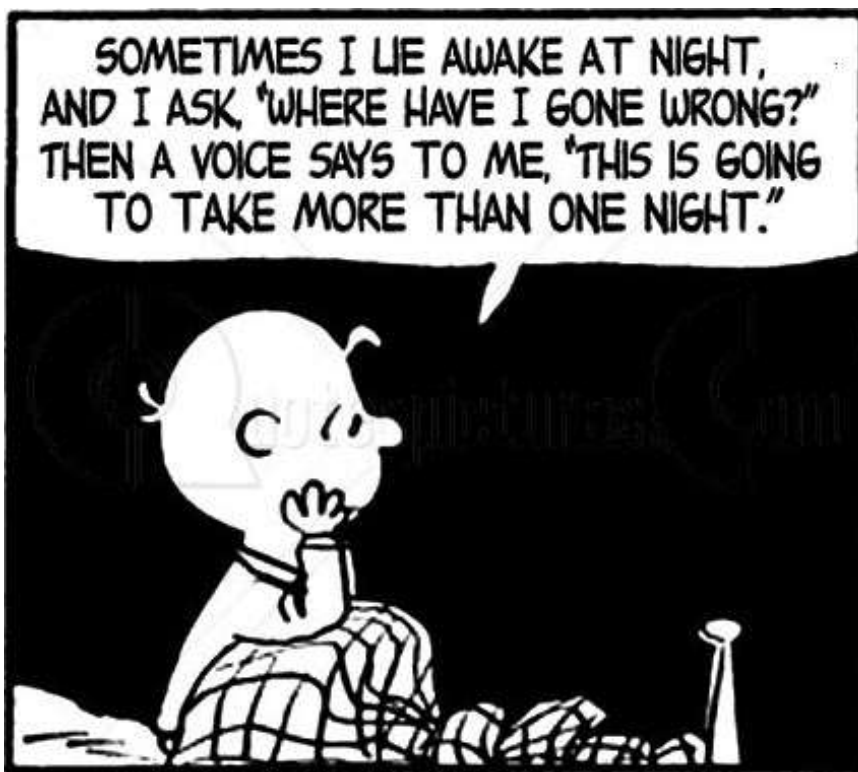
Fred never came back. My mom told me the next morning that they broke my spoon.

Drunken bastards. 2013



I couldn't sleep last night because it was so cold in my apartment. It was 1:30am. I got up and went to the kitchen. I boiled some water and made some hot cocoa with a little milk. Then I went back to my room and sat on my sleeping bag. I turned on my computer and watched the movie "Just Like Heaven." I miss being alive inside. I wish I could be happy again. Just once more in this lifetime. Before I have to leave.

I wish, I wish, I wish. I had three wishes granted to me when I was young. I wasted them. You only get three wishes. But if I had one more wish I would wish I could make everyone in my life happy. Then I would be alive again. Even if it were only for a moment. The black hole in my heart would finally close and I could leave and not feel like I failed everyone. There are no fairy tale endings. No more wishes. Just the remorse of a tired soul who made too many mistakes and took too many wrong turns. 2015



I wish I had the power
to write beautiful words
to lift the world's spirit
to bring laughter
and love
and joy
to the hearts and minds
of everyone.

I wish I had the ability
to make those words
dance and sing
jump and shout
but also
calm and soothe
heal all wounds
bring back strength
to the weak
humility
to the powerful
and charity and grace to all.

I wish I could
find the perfect words
to make everyone realize
we are all in need
of the same thing -
that four letter word
that is
LOVE.

Is that too much to wish for? 060112

"To learn who rules over you, simply find out who you are not allowed to criticize." —
Voltaire

"To find out who is oppressed, simply find out who you are not allowed to support." —
Kyle Hunt

"‘The truth is only hate speech to those who hate the truth’." — Unknown

You learn something new every day
two things I learned today

1 it's perfectly legal now for a bank to steal the money from your savings or checking
account
even personal effects from your safety deposit box
it's called account sweeping
and the bank doesn't have to replace your losses either

2 it's perfectly legal now for the government to come into your home and steal all of your
food and clothes and any type of resource you own in the event of any type of declared
emergency such as health epidemic, power failure, food shortage, war, etc... 2013

Being alone
when someone has gone
and taken your heart with them
and you realize...
yes...
I am alone now.
how do you go on?
where do you find
peace of mind?
where do you find
someone to relieve the pain
of emptiness?
where do you find
someone to help repair
all your broken dreams?
where do you find
someone
to love?
God only knows...
08 31 13

You know who you are.
You just have to remember.

Waves of Love

sun's rays streaming
from behind clouds
volcano smoldering
in the distance



waves crashing
against the rocky shore



clinging for an instant
to the staunch boulders
washing over them
cleansing
merging
then
just as swiftly
the waves are pulled away
from their shoreline embrace
by the mighty ocean tide
only to return
determined
for another wet and salty encounter
2012

In seventh grade catholic school
Mrs. Viscome wrote on my paper
that I had a warped sense
of humor.

Washington district of Columbia - 77th meridian west
aka God's longitude Meridian hill - founded July 16, 1790 -
situated directly between
MARY- "as in the virgin Mary" -LAND April 28, 1788 7th original state
and
VIRGIN- "as in the virgin Mary" -IA June 25, 1788 10th original state
- 59 days -
also one of three independent city-states with London city and Vatican city
Baltimore
Philadelphia
New York
Boston
Stonehenge
2014

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY!

"The most dangerous man, to any government, is the man who is able to think things out
for himself ... Almost inevitably, he comes to the conclusion that the government he lives
under is dishonest, insane, and intolerable." -- H.L. Mencken, American journalist

I'm in no condition to talk

what is my conditioning
what type of behavior have I been conditioned to resort to
what was my conditioning
how was I conditioned
where was I conditioned
when was I conditioned
why was I conditioned
who did the conditioning
am I still being conditioned
who is doing the conditioning now
I'm only asking because I was a little curious
and that's not part of the conditioning
you could say -
I just dropped in
to see
what condition my condition was in
2012

Temporal Existence Part 1

When I look at the photo
of the man about to die
on the R train tracks
I can't help but notice
no one is near him

the news reports said
everyone was in a panic
and ran away from the fight

when I look at the photo
I see
the possibility

all it would take
is one hand
one human hand
for a few seconds
to reach out
and help him live

fear and panic and
crowd / mob reaction
I see it every night I work
on the streets
on the subways

Monday morning
on the E train
very loud very drunk
very small man
talks loud and stupid to
larger sober vagrant man
sitting across from him
vagrant ignores him
stupid is as stupid does
talks louder and
vagrant jumps up and
BOOM

every person in the car
ran

or should I say flew
like a flock of scared pigeons
if they had wings
they would have taken flight
and crapped on my head
as they passed over me
escaping from the boom

until I
who didn't move a muscle
except in awareness
was the closest
to the stupid actions

it's a typical reaction
self preservation
the fearing propensity

every time I see it
the split second situation
afterwards
I wonder

What would I have done?
Would I have helped?
Would I have lent a hand?
Or would I have run in fear
with the rest of the mob
from one unarmed person?
2012



SMH at people who cry and whine and post about how they want love, a good man, a good woman, etc... Then shit on it when a bona fide opportunity arises because what they found didn't EXACTLY match what their unrealistic expectations were.

All I know is you can't always get what you want. BUT - you always get what you need. You will NEVER find the perfect fit in an off-the-rack world. And that is so sad.

A sincere, honest, hard-working person that could bring about so many positive changes to the life of another similar sincere soul, and vice versa, is rejected.

Someone that only wants the chance to love, respect, serve, support and protect someone that they think is precious and worthy of spending a lifetime with is tossed aside for some fantastic ideal that has no basis in reality.

And both go on in their lonely separate ways.

Jiv jago... 2012

She may need loving
but she don't need you.

I realize that it will take much more than sweet and sincere words, much more than gifts from the heart, yes, it will take so much more than such mundane efforts. It will take an Herculean determination in action if I am serious about attaining my own personal "impossible dream". If I want it to be more than just a dream.

Do I? Do I want it to be reality? Or am I just a coward afraid to step out of my safe and secure and boring lonesome hole in the earth? Am I unwilling to pay the cost? Am I not sure that it will be worth it and more?

Am I not still alive and breathing? Yes! I am not dead yet. I do still breathe!

I lack the intestinal fortitude to say what I mean and to mean what I say. Therefore I have no chance. Never did. Self defeated.

It takes two. I am only one. Two is such a gigantic leap from one. And my bones and muscles just don't work like they used to. And all the competition is so much younger and stronger and more handsome and so far ahead of me.

Impossible? Impossible is a word found only in a fool's dictionary. But I sure feel like a fool and look even more foolish when I entertain such lofty desires. And there is nothing worse than an old fool.

It takes time. I don't have that luxury.

It takes heart. A strong heart. I don't have that either.

It takes money. That is just the reality of the world. The reality I don't possess.

It takes getting out of my imaginary existence and getting into the real world where she lives. I just don't know if I have the strength anymore to compete in that arena. Or if I am even invited to the competition.

I wish I had three wishes again... 2012

Gentlemen,

04/11 - 04/12/2014

55 prospect

dar so Martinez for cursing and insulting a co-worker.

All I did was question him about the new post orders of 04/08/2014 - all guards, including lobby guards, are to wear hard hats and protective masks when on site - I asked him if he ever wore the hard hat or mask while on post - he said no. I read the post orders to him. I asked him why he wasn't following the post orders. He said stop asking questions. He then told me to get the fuck out of the building and stop asking so many questions. Then he said I must be slow because I ask so many questions. I said to him you just cursed at me and now you are insulting me by saying I am slow. He said yes you are slow. I did not raise my voice, I did not verbally or physically retaliate in any way. I remained professional and started to fill out a dar. He saw that I was writing him up and he left the lobby security desk and went somewhere else in the bldg. He returned after I had completed the dar. He did not sign the site report or the dar. All this was witnessed by so Espinet and so Peterson.

18e41

so Marc Elien is using the 18e41 address to have a package delivered to himself via fedex. He posted a notice on the security desk and in the log book for anyone to sign for his package and hold it for him.

so Martinez, in my opinion, which I concede no one is asking for, should be fired. If I could have I would have sent him home on the spot. According to CPS security guard handbook, page 2, prohibited acts, FOUL OR ABUSIVE LANGUAGE is prohibited. If he is allowed to remain all the guards will know that they can disrespect their co-workers with no consequences. That is all I am going to say about it. I am not management and I don't presume to tell anyone in management how to do their job.

so Martinez was written up on 03/07/2014 along with so Sabree for abandoning the post before being properly relieved.

I was not given a print-out of the new post orders at this site. I was given a binder specifically for storing and maintaining current post orders for all the sites as they become available but I did not receive a copy of this one.

end of report

Gentlemen,

I am writing this to make everyone aware of the disrespectful, insulting and juvenile behavior of the new account manager, Mr. Valverde.

I called Mr. Valverde on Wednesday evening, April 30th, to inform him that I was taking a paid sick day. I only gave 2 hours notice. I understand it should have been 4 hours notice.

However, the fact that I was late in calling out is no justification for the use of foul language and hanging up on me. Mr. Valverde cursed at me using the words shit, fuck etc when he couldn't convince me to work that night. I did not use any foul language and I made that point clear to Mr. Valverde that there was no reason for him to react in such an unprofessional and discourteous manner. After a few more condescending remarks directed at me, Mr. Valverde hung up on me.

I will not stand for being treated in such a disrespectful, immature way. It's just not right. Mr. Valverde has lost any credibility he might have had with me and it will be difficult going forward in a spirit of professional cooperation.

I will be working tonight unless CPS no longer requires my services.

Sincerely,
John Stayton 5/2/2014

Mr. Tom Wall,

Due to health concerns, and as an at-will-employee, I have decided to resign from my position of field supervisor for CPS, effective immediately.

I worked my old schedule from 2200 to 0600 last week. I ended my recent tour at 0600 Monday 05/18/2014.

In order to avoid any drama caused by my presence in the office I would appreciate it if you would please mail any money owed to me.

Best of luck to the company going forward.

Sincerely
John Stayton

NY TIMES HEADLINE FEBRUARY 16, 2012

quick breakdown of headline just off the top of my head

"Just wanted to show you what I see" said the blind man.

"Aggressive Acts by Iran Signal Pressure on Its Leadership

By so and so"

"A flurry of actions and statements by Iran this week suggest its leaders are responding frantically, and more unpredictably, to the tightening of sanctions by the West."

key descriptive words used to strengthen negative image of current chosen adversary

aggressive - ready to fight attack barking dog

pressure - stressed out ready to explode

flurry - moving fast in many different directions as in a snowSTORM erratic

unpredictable

actions acts - first strike action not reaction they want to hit us first

their leaders

frantically - frightened panicked might try anything

unpredictably - insane crazy you never know what they're going to do

our leaders

tightening - the noose they, our enemy, will hang themselves with

sanctions - JUSTIFIED punishments God-given rights the "west" way or the highway

Iran - singular not west not in the clique rebellious individual

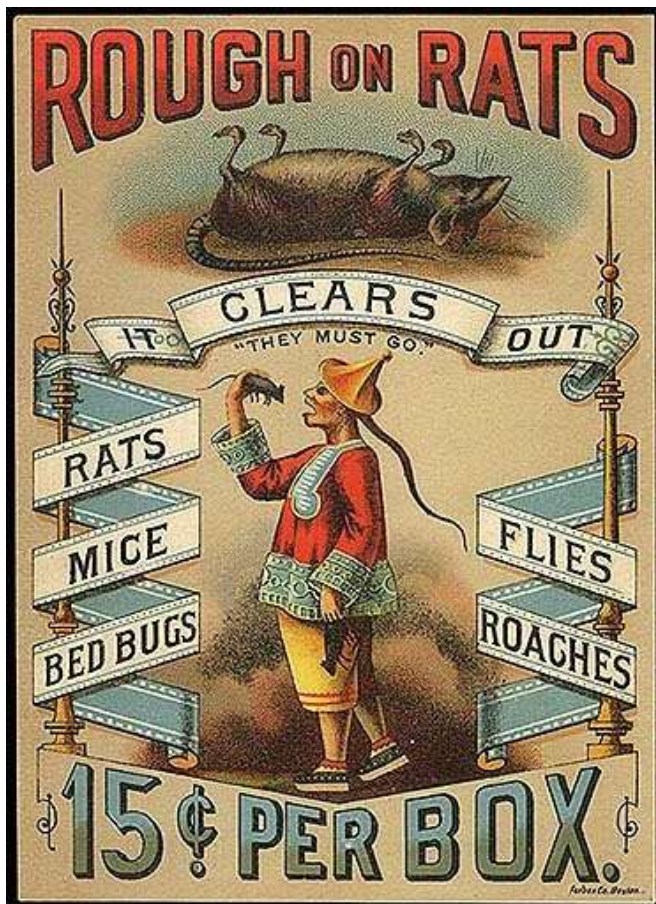
West - denotes plurality group majority for the good of the people many against just one

Yeah I know. I'm crazy.



“We have to look at the source of the rats’ success — which is our eating habits,” he said.

The source of the rats' success is not our eating habits. The fact is that there is no real effort by the MTA to control the rat population. Not only that, there is no real concerted effort either to actually clean train stations. All politicians do is write bullsh*t laws which have no effect at all except to suck more money from us. And then they pat themselves on the back and forget all about it. Until elections come around again. I don't believe any of these lawmakers ride the subways except for photo ops. Numerous subway stations are just plain open cesspools. You walk down the stairs to the station and you are sickened by the disgusting smell of stool and urine. Many stations are plainly hazardous to your health. Where is the Department of Health? Or the EPA? Why aren't these government agencies involved in protecting the public from this obvious dangerous condition. Rats run free all over the platforms and play hide-n-seek around the few token booths still left. The only evidence of effort to combat the problem is a sign posted in train stations claiming that RODENTICIDE has been administered and to beware. Has anyone ever seen anyone performing such extermination activities? I personally ride the trains 5 nights a week as part of my job as a field supervisor. East, west, uptown and downtown I ride all the lines. All night long. For years now. And I have NEVER seen anybody exterminating or performing any sort of preventive measures against the rat population. I am sickened by the rats and by the human rats that do nothing but make believe they care. My NYPOST comment 2012



Instead of attacking the actual problem - cleaning the subways - pols attack the people they are supposed to serve! I wish someone would listen. This is what is really happening. This is the scam being played on all of us. I don't smoke cigarettes. Remember months ago when a law was passed making it illegal to smoke cigarettes on public streets. Yes? No one was actually arrested but... IT IS THE LAW NOW!!! You can be arrested. Or detained and disappeared.

Now. Here. Legislation being proposed to make it against the law to eat on the subway. It is already illegal to - GOD FORBID!!! - walk between cars. I have seen police arrest persons last year for doing so. It is a law. Now it is food consumption they want to make illegal on trains. And yeah they won't really arrest you... yet.

Can't anyone see through this? Incrementally taking away freedom after freedom, little by little, until you are a robot. Can't do this... can't do that... can only do what I am told to do... Robot. Can't anyone see that the MTA says they have no money to clean the stations. Where all the money went NOBODY KNOWS! It is their fault the stations are filthy. But the politicians want to blame us.

What some think is that these laws are in place in the event of civil unrest. The same civil unrest and protest going on all over the planet. So one day, it is finally decided to reduce the number of citizens in New York City, the order might be given to arrest any and all persons caught smoking on the streets of Manhattan. It is against the law isn't it? Buses in place in lower Manhattan to transport thousands right to the nearest FEMA prison camp. Later shipped further on to where slave labor is needed. Or where graveyards need filling. Yeah. I'm crazy. I know. But when I read sh*t like this article it just sounds so familiar. The method or formula of modern politicians. Don't try to solve the problem with logic and common sense and putting your money where your lying mouth is. No. Blame the victims and make them pay. They won't be around much longer anyway once we have our own way. When the same type of reaction keeps occurring over and over it is called a pattern. SEE THE PATTERN!!! 2012



Lightning is not a single bolt, but a series of sparks or shots hitting one spot in rapid succession. First there is a downward stroke, usually invisible, which emerges from the cloud, develops millions of volts in one-millionth of a second, and blazes the path for the bolt to follow.

Then a charge of high-voltage electricity retraces this path back to the cloud from the contact point on the ground. This upward tracing is what is commonly known as the stroke, but the speed is so great that human eyes cannot detect the illusion. Finally there is a sustained current between cloud and ground lasting about five to 200 millionths of a second.

The actual stroke discharges two types of current. There is a primary high current of short, explosive duration known as "cold" lightning. It is followed by the lower voltage current flowing for a longer time and called "hot" lightning, and this is the lethal juice that burns or melts objects.

The first downward stroke of cold lightning creates a channel of highly-charged air about as thick as a man's arm. As the current passes through this channel, the abrupt expansion of heated air causes the rippling crash of thunder.

Mysterious Fires and Lights V.H. Gaddis c1967



My humble attempt to connect a few dots
Friday, May 1, 2009

Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Chapter 16, Texts 7 - 9 :

Those who are demoniac do not know what is to be done and what is not to be done. Neither cleanliness nor proper behavior nor truth is found in them.

They say that this world is unreal, with no foundation, no God in control. They say it is produced of sex desire and has no cause other than lust.

Following such conclusions, the demoniac, who are lost to themselves and who have no intelligence, engage in unbeneficial, horrible works meant to destroy the world.

2001 to 2005 this country lost 40 micro-biologists under suspicious circumstances such as being stabbed to death in trunks of cars, thrown off bridges, wrapping their cars around trees after their brake fluid disappeared, in addition to just plain disappearing without a trace. They were all working for the government, or government contractors, on projects related to bio-terrorism, flu pandemic, or anthrax.

The US government was involved in strange experiments that involved exhuming bodies of people that were killed by the 1918 Spanish flu, and genetically engineered flu viruses.

FEMA has millions of empty plastic coffins spread across the US.

Michael Osterholm was the first to announce the possible pandemic influenza outbreak as a spokesman for the CDC.

The words of Michael Osterholm from an essay written for the Council of Foreign Relations

from July/August 2005 -

"If an influenza pandemic struck today, borders would close, the global economy would shut down, international vaccine supplies and health-care systems would be overwhelmed, and panic would reign."

He is a consultant to the World Health Organization, the National Institutes of Health, the Food and Drug Administration, the Department of Defense, and the Center for Disease Control. He is head of the Center for Infectious Disease Research and Policy (CIDRAP), which is funded by 3m corporation.

He also consults with governments and private corporations around the world about preparedness - and profit making - during times of mass death. 3m has many multi-million dollar contracts with Department of Defense and is reputedly owned by Halliburton.

save your money in a bank
bank steals your money
read the news for truth about world
the news lies
go to school for education
school teaches ignorance
go to the doctor to heal sickness
doctor prescribes toxins to keep you ill
go to supermarket to buy food for health
food industry sells you poison
go to police for protection
police shoot you
welcome to the upside down world 2013

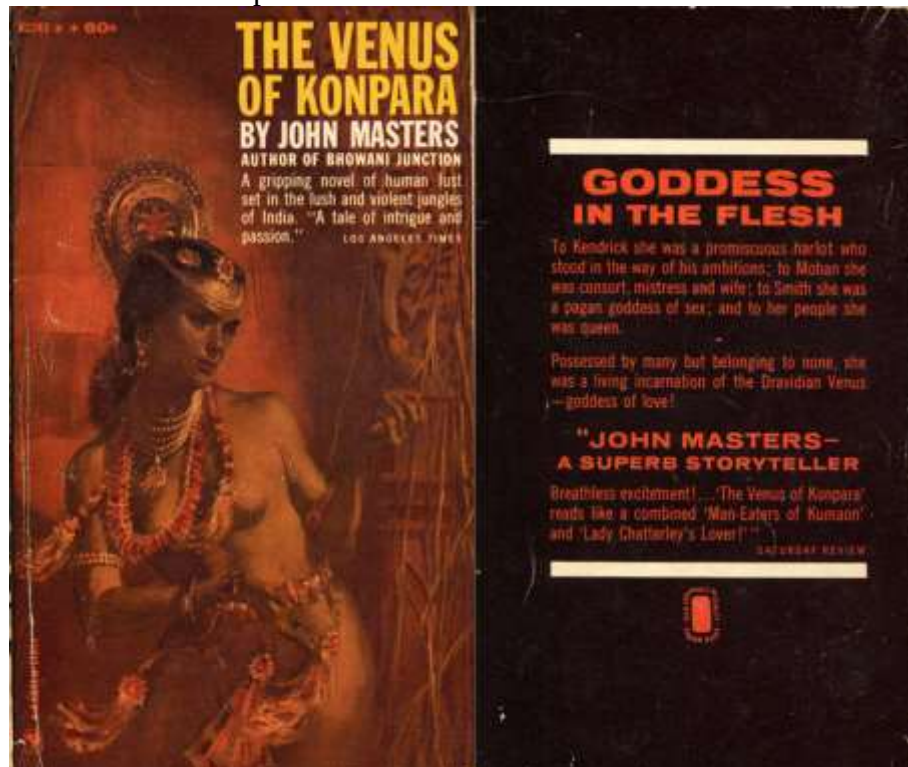
sometimes I feel
that all sources of information
are misdirection
mass media
alternative media
nytimes
davidicke
fox
msnbc
cnn
infowars
westernjournalism
etc...
they waste my time
with false hope
they waste my time
with false fear
they waste my life
if I pay attention to them
I want to love and be loved
2013

Recently read books

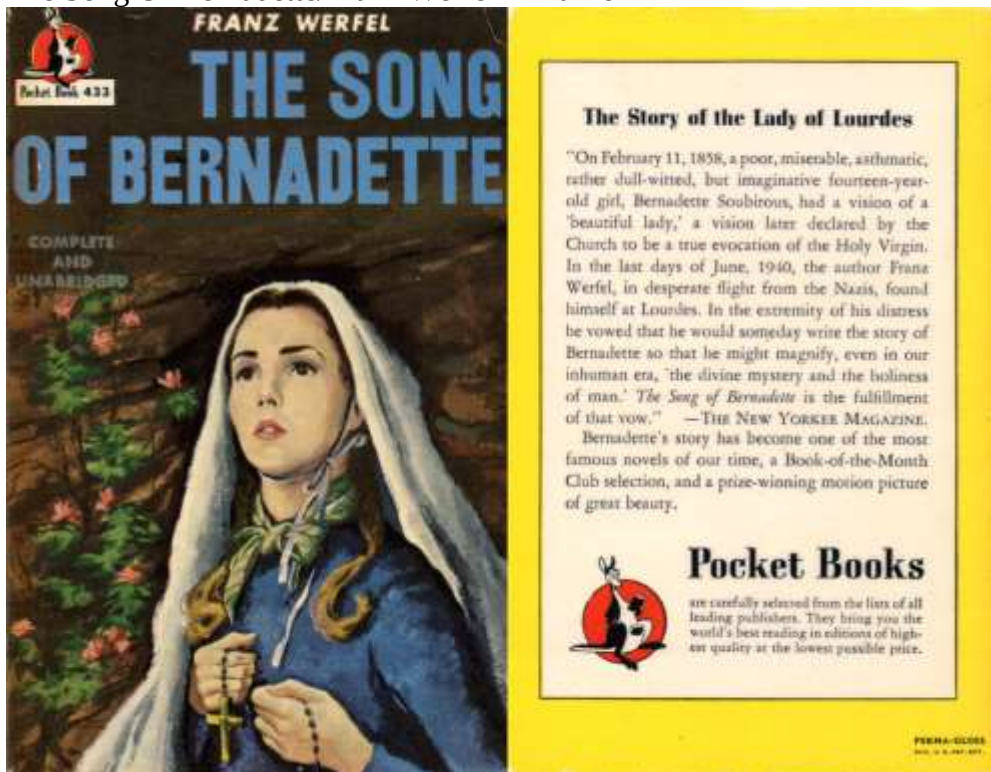
The Hurricane/Nordhoff and Hall



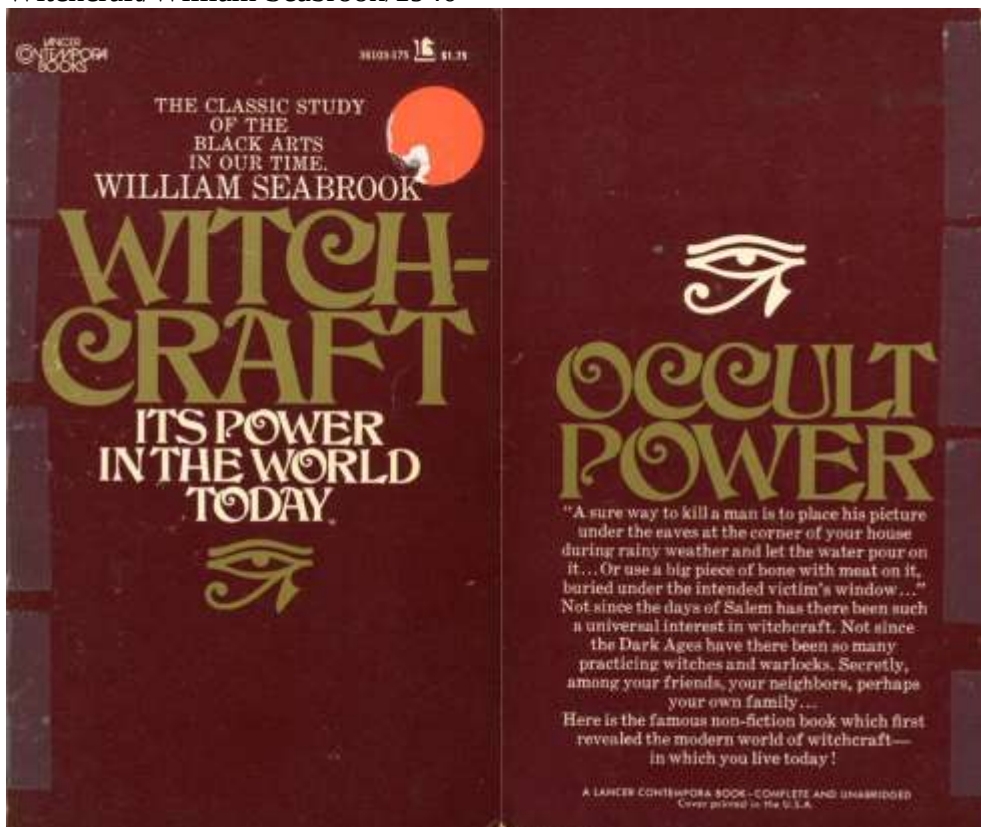
The Venus Of Konpara/John Masters



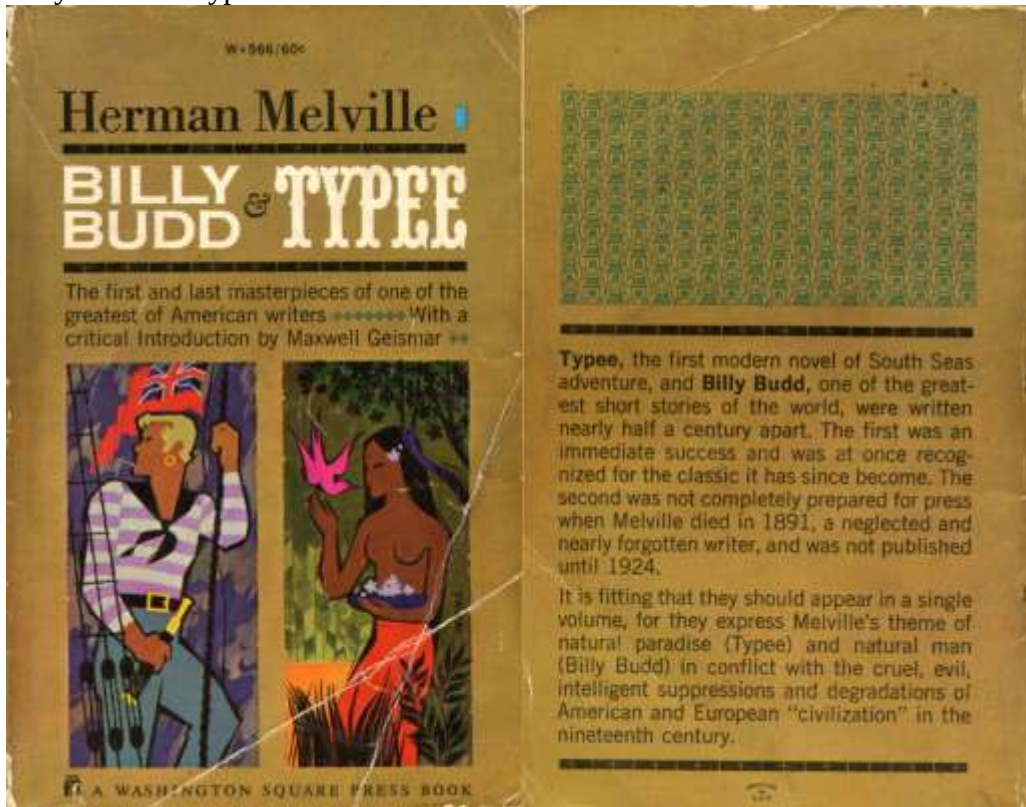
The Song Of Bernadette/Franz Werfel 2nd time



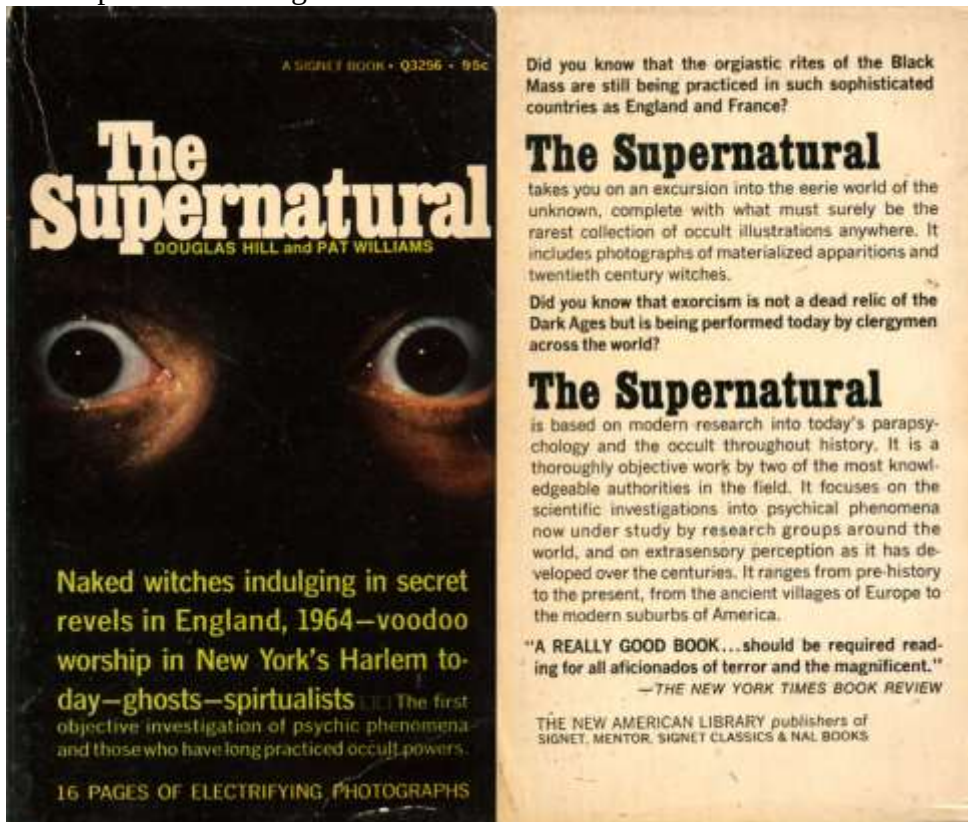
Witchcraft/William Seabrook/1940



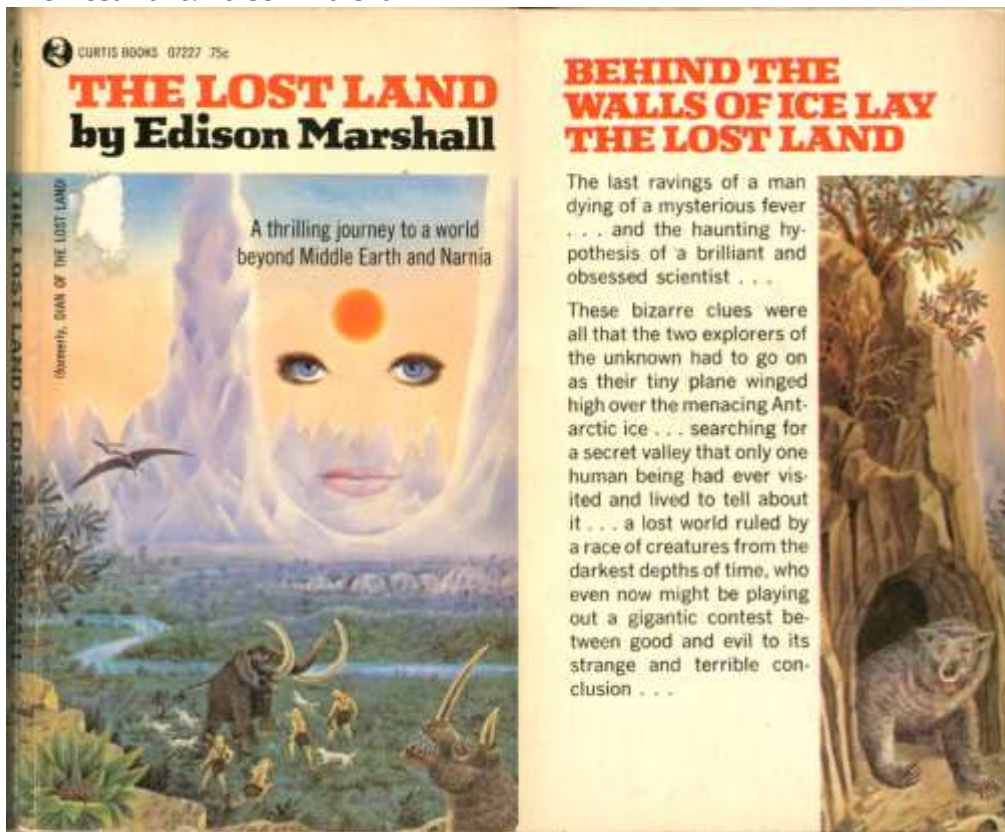
Billy Budd & Typee/Herman Melville



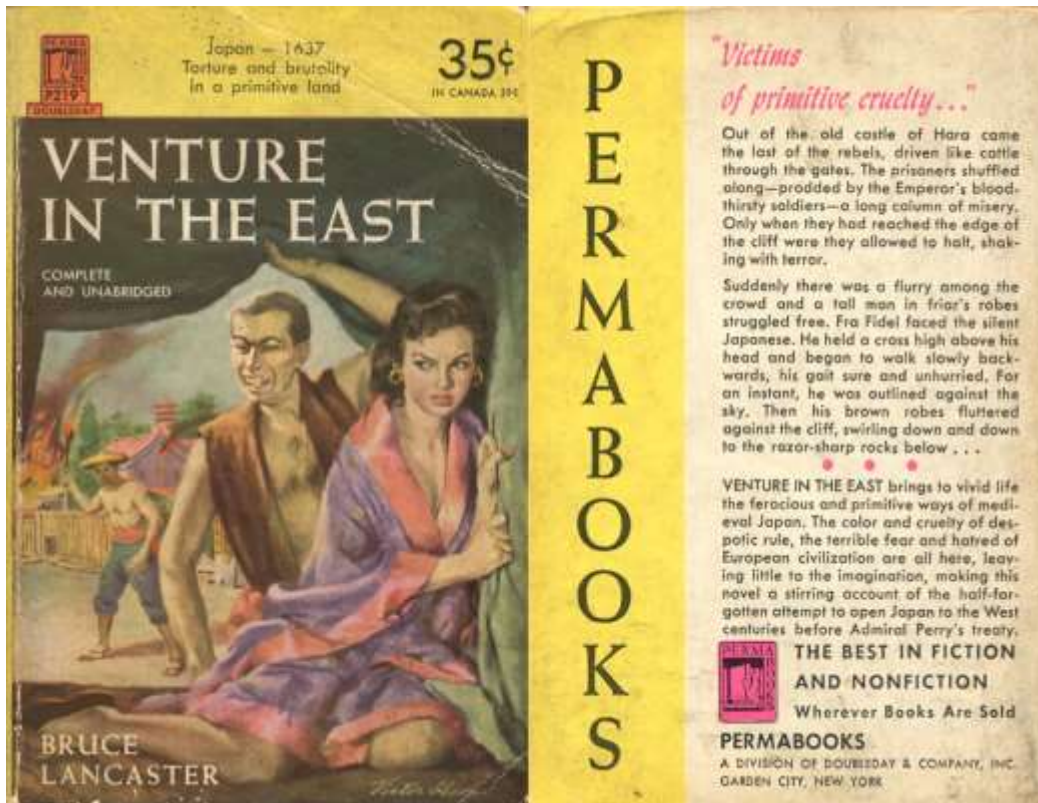
The Supernatural/Douglas Hill and Pat Williams/1965



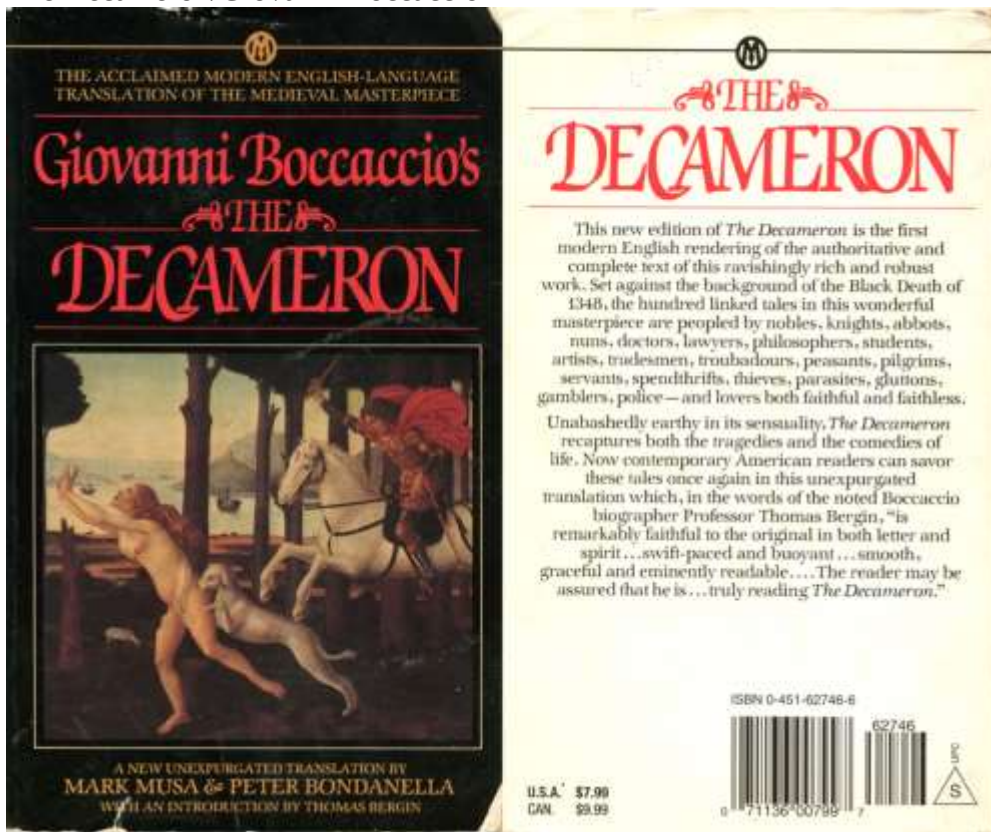
The Lost Land/Edison Marshall



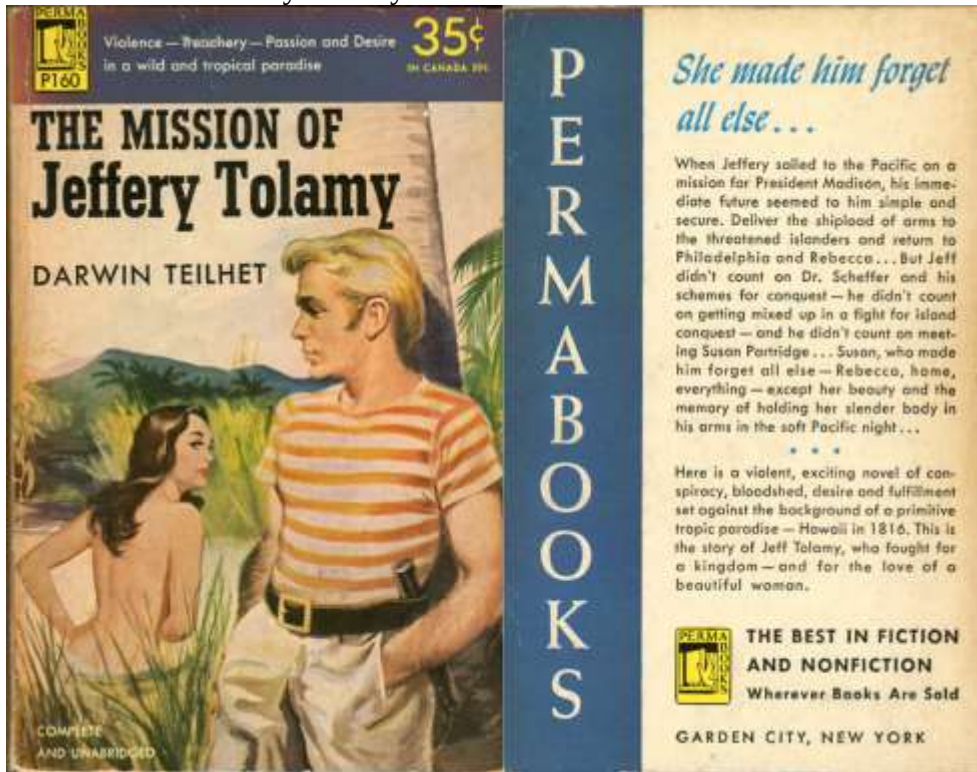
Venture in the East/Bruce Lancaster



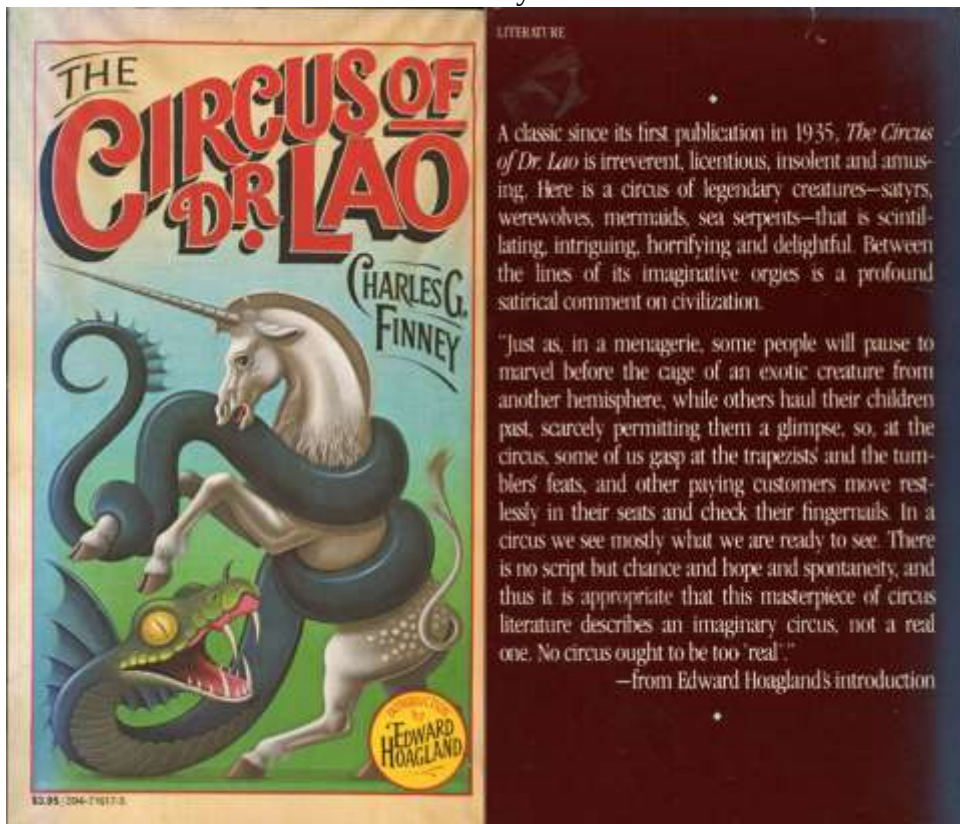
The Decameron/Giovanni Boccaccio



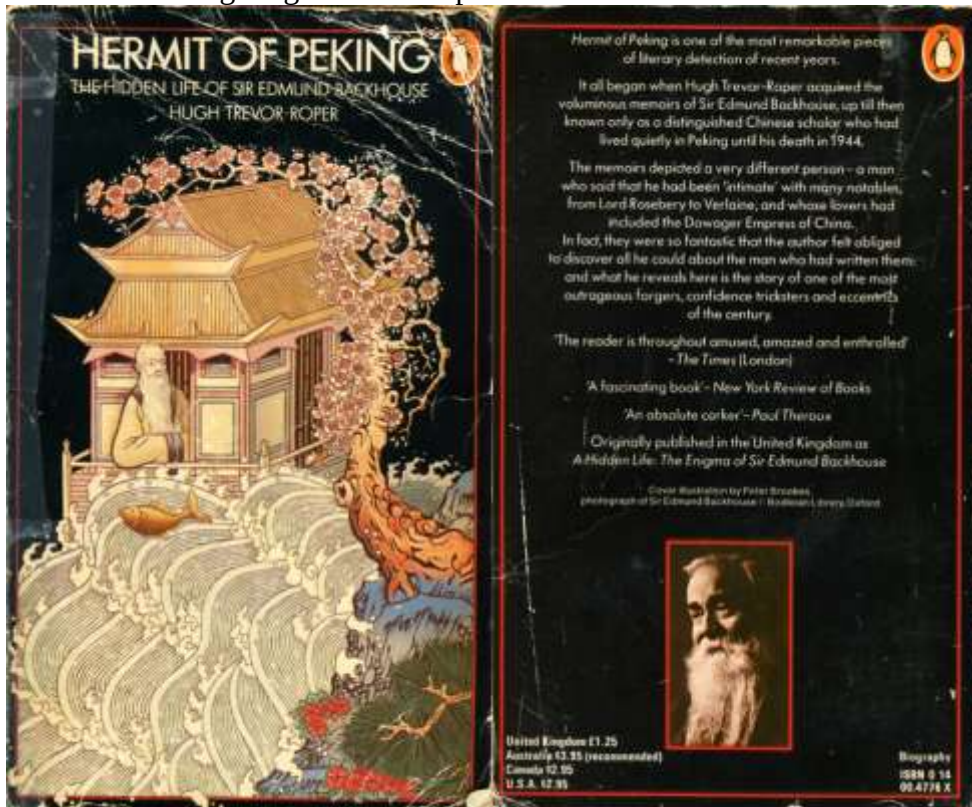
The Mission of Jeffery Tolamy/Darwin Teilhet



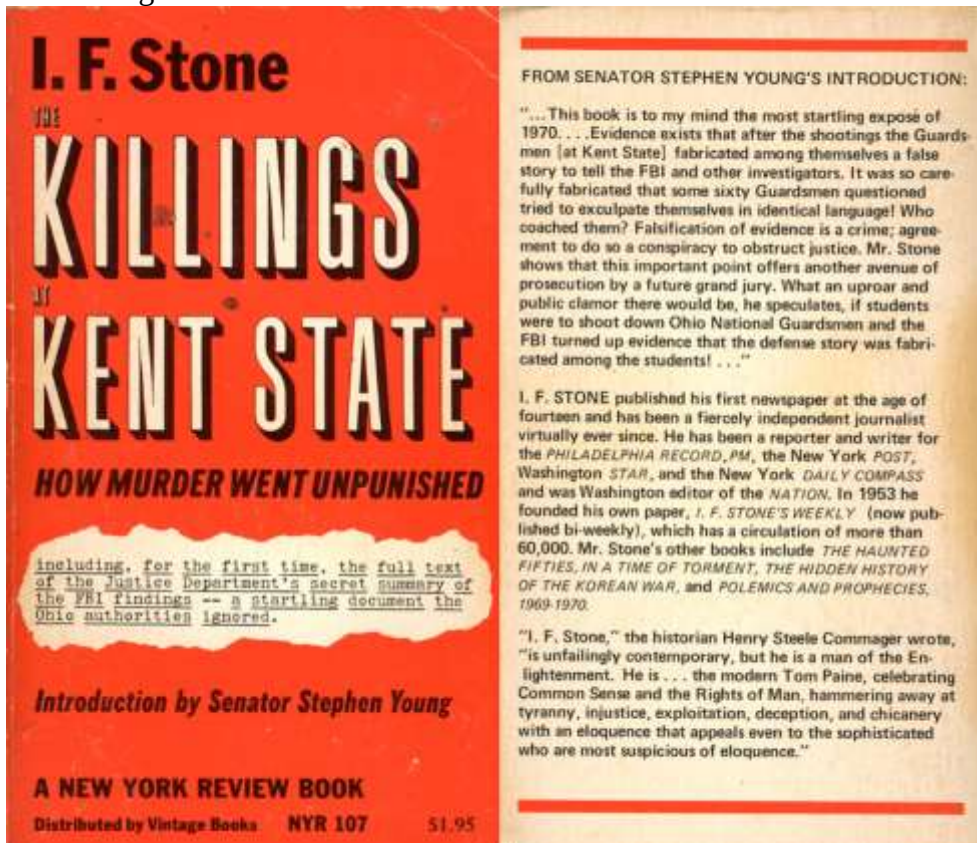
The Circus of Dr. Lao/Charles G. Finney



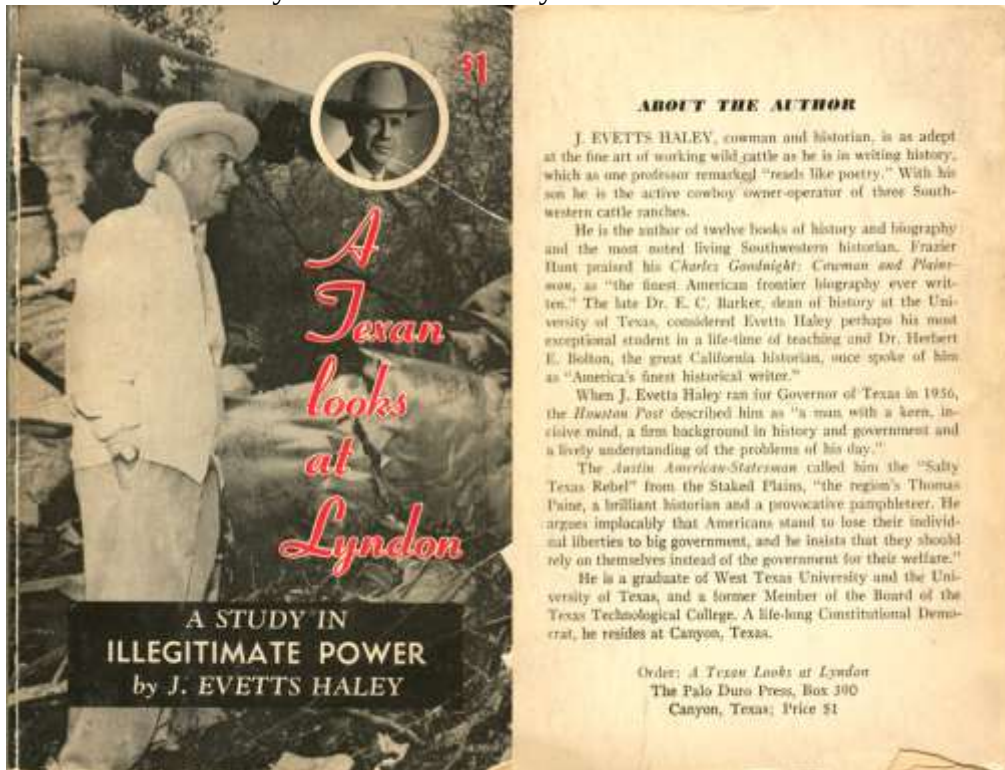
Hermit Of Peking/Hugh Trevor Roper



The Killings At Kent State/I. F. Stone



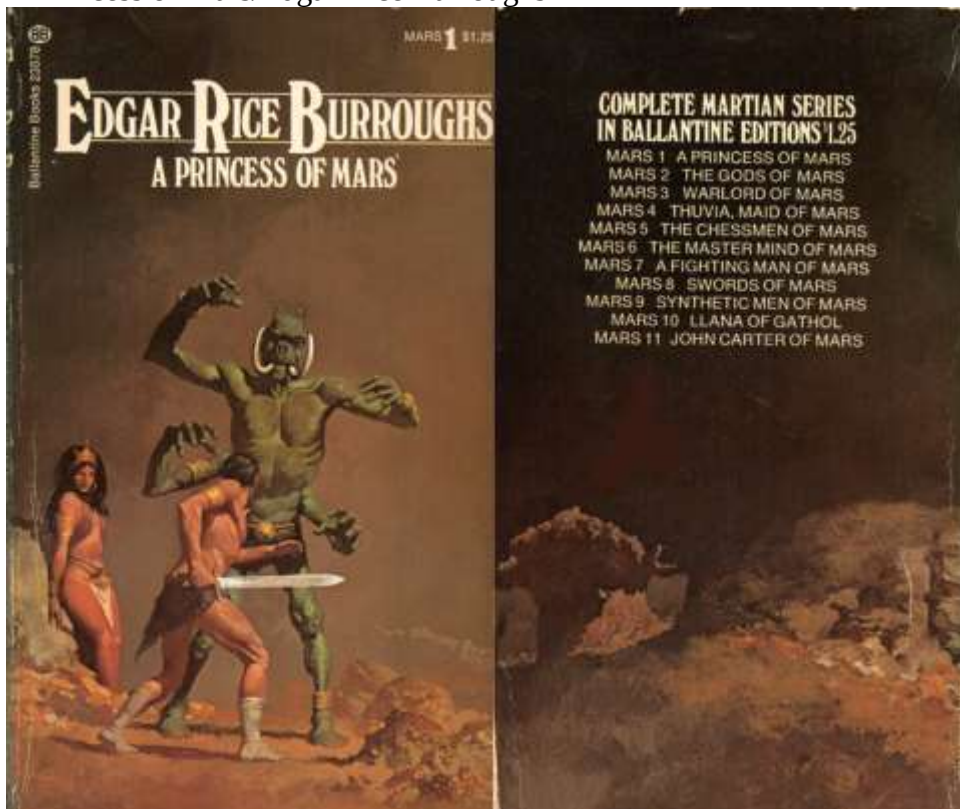
A Texan Looks At Lyndon/J. Evetts Haley



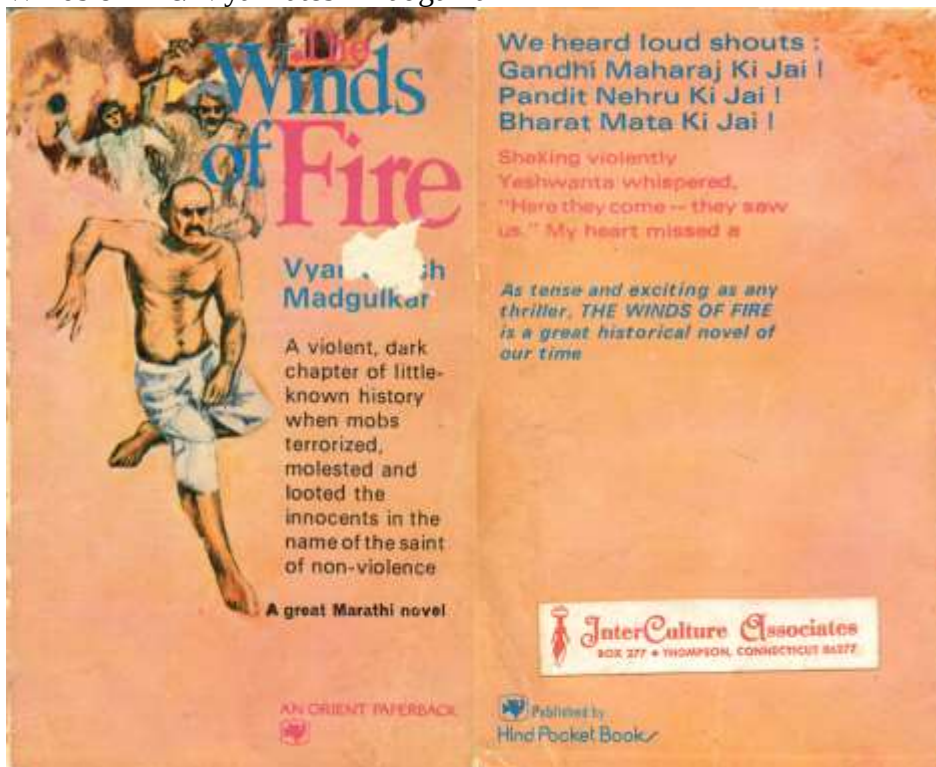
Black Storm/Thomas C. Hinkle



A Princess of Mars/Edgar Rice Burroughs



Winds of Fire/ Vyankatesh Madgulkar



The Legends And Myths Of Hawaii by His Hawaiian Majesty Kalakaua
Up From Slavery/Booker T. Washington
The Gift Of Black Folk/W.E. Burghardt Du Bois
The Original Illustrated Sherlock Holmes/Arthur Conan Doyle
Don't Die Baby/Jo Ashley Bacon
The Master Of The World/Jules Verne
The Dilemma Of A Ghost/Christina Ama Ata Aidoo
The African/William Conton
To Kill A Mockingbird/Harper Lee 2nd time
Lost Horizon/James Hilton 2nd time





We're reporting that there's looting, raping, and yes, even cannibalism



My God, you've, you've actually seen people looting, raping and eating each other?



No, no, we haven't actually seen it, we're just reporting it.



Is it true
you like people for their qualities
but you love them for their defects?
It can't be true
because if it were true
I
who am 6 feet 3 inches and 190 pounds
of defects
would be loved by all the world...2013

air biscuit 032813

as far as people going around
with their pants hanging down below their asses
I understand they say it is a fashion
and fashionable
supposedly something having to do with
the way that people wear their pants
in prison
something about advertising
giving up the bootie
or something like that



but to me there is good taste
and there is bad taste
and it doesn't take a genius
to know the difference
just a little common sense
I know
that is hard to come by these days

but for me
I apologize but
the first thing that comes to my
sane??? mind
when I see someone
male or female
with their ass crack in plain sight
or their skanky funky dirty
from sitting all over town in them
underwear on display
and their pants part way down their legs
so they can't even walk right

it's so comical when they try to run
for a train
looking like hunched-over bowl-legged slow-witted fools
desperately trying to hold up their pants
but not all the way up
remember
fashion first

I apologize again
but the first thing that comes to mind
when I see their asses on display is
ASSHOLE!!!!
what else should I think?
it's what I see
so it's in my head
ass-hole!

would you mind getting your jackhole
out of my head?

and what is produced by an asshole you may ask?
come on
you know
only one thing can come out of that

shit

is there anything fashionable about
shit
is there anything attractive about
shit

there's only one good thing
I would say about shit
shit always happens
we all know it
but I don't need to see it
when it does

so please
stand up straight
and pull your pants up
above the hips
the air will be so much fresher too



Bite Me

Free write 042812 1700hrs

the time for honest talking has passed
clear and crystal
sound vibrations
reverberated through and among
the deaf
the ignorant
the self-deceivers
it's passed now
the time for honest acting is upon you
and me
all of us
regardless of our
individual
communal
national
temporal appearances
pigment driven
false identities
no one can escape now
ostrich holes be damned
no escape
you have to be you now
unwrap
uncover
rediscover
you have to be free
we all have to be free
freedom is only possible
when you are you
not the
synthetic
manufactured
industrial processed
toxic product
you
and I
have been fooled
and bullied
into believing we are
we are not
I am not
you are not
so
for the final time

I hope
I will say it
I live again and again and again
I cannot be killed
I only respond to love
I only want love
just like you
love can NEVER be forced
I don't know WHO I am
yet
I feel I do know WHAT I am
spiritual
non-material
eternal
not the ugly bag
bile and bone and mucus
the ugly bag can die
but
I ME THE REAL ME
NEVER DIES
and I will never be truly happy
until I live it
and I feel
no one else will be truly happy
until they live it
the more we give
the more we get
and the more we can give
and the more we can get
and on and on and on
that's eternity
that's happy
that's love
in action
the action that's needed
the action all of us crave
...now I will shut up
for a second...



IN MOON LAND

In a far away land there lived two children named Jack and Jill. Their home was at the foot of a high mountain.

In the long cold winter the children rode over the snow in their sleigh, or skated on the pond beside the house.

Sometimes they played in the bright moonlight. Then they played running games with the moon. Did you ever do that?

One night their mother sent them to the mountain spring for a pail of water.

As they were coming home, Jack fell and pulled Jill after him. It gave them such a fright and bumped them both so hard that they began to cry.

"Try not to cry, Jack! Try not to cry, Jill!" they heard little voices saying.

When they wiped the tears from their eyes, they saw dainty little fairies dancing around them.

"Who are you?" asked Jack.

"We are the moon fairies. Come with us to the moon, and we will show you wonderful things."

"How can we go to the moon?" asked Jill.

"Go up the bright moonbeam ladder. Come."

The fairies took the children by the hand, and up they went. It was like running up a long flight of stairs.

After a time they reached the moon.



"Look behind you," said the fairies.

But Jack and Jill could see nothing. Then the fairies touched the children's eyes with a fairy wand and told them to look again.

Far, far away they saw the high mountain and their little home. They saw their playmates running and dancing in the moonlight.

Far away to the north they saw a land covered with snow. They saw children dressed in fur. Dogs were dragging a sleigh over the snow.

A man was seated in the sleigh, and the children were running to meet him. The man pointed to the moon, and the children looked up and smiled.

"He is telling them that he was lost," said the fairies. "He was afraid that he would not find the trail, but the moon sent down its light and showed him the right way."

"Where do they live?" asked Jack.

"They have a snow house. There is the mother creeping out of the low door. She has the baby on her back."

"I see him," said Jill. "He is in his mother's fur hood. See, Jack, he is looking straight at us!"

"All babies love the moon," said the fairies. "Stay here with us, and we will sail across the sky. You shall see black children, brown children, yellow children, and white children. The moon shines on them all, and they love its silvery light."

Some people say that Jack and Jill did stay in the moon and that you can see them in the bright light of the full moon.

They stand side by side with their bucket between them. Maybe they did, but I think they went back to their mother. Gordon Readers Second Reader 1918

water water
falling down
raising fruits and veggies
from the ground

yet that's just one
of water's powers
it also nurtures
all God's flowers

it floats around
without a care
in puffy clouds
high in the air

and more than that
it must be said
without water
we'd all be 2017

Walking along was Julian Fate
to an early appointment
to which he was late.

So he created a large spider
as he decided to ride her
to make it on time to his date.

Along the road
he met miss toad
who asked him to stay
but he hadn't all day
so he bade her goodbye
and hopped on a fly
which was much faster than his spider anyway.

Then while traveling
he began dabbling
and the fly turned into a gnat.

The gnat was much lighter
but not much of a fighter
so he turned him into a bat.

The bat he was riding
just then started gliding
towards a spot below on the earth.

Julian Fate was at last there
and approached with great care
to witness his very own birth. 1972

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY!

"... What about the main thing in life, all its riddles? If you want, I'll spell it out for you right now. Do not pursue what is illusory - property and position: all that is gained at the expense of your nerves decade after decade, and is confiscated in one fell night. Live with a steady superiority over life - don't be afraid of misfortune, and do not yearn for happiness; it is, after all, all the same: the bitter doesn't last forever, and the sweet never fills the cup to overflowing. It is enough if you don't freeze in the cold and if thirst and hunger don't claw at your insides. If your back isn't broken, if your feet can walk, if both arms can bend, if both eyes can see, if both ears hear, then whom should you envy? And why? Our envy of others devours us most of all. Rub your eyes and purify your heart - and prize above all else in the world those who love you and who wish you well. Do not hurt them or scold them, and never part from any of them in anger; after all, you simply do not know: it may be your last act before your arrest, and that will be how you are imprinted on their memory." -- Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn



*tad viddhi pranipatena / pariprasnena sevaya
upadeksyanti te jnanam / jnaninas tattva-darsinah*

Just try to learn the truth by approaching a spiritual master. Inquire from him submissively and render service unto him. The self-realized soul can impart knowledge unto you because he has seen the truth. (*Bhagavad-gita As It Is, Chapter 4, Text 34*)

CHANT AND BE HAPPY HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA HARE RAMA HARE RAMA HARE RAMA HARE RAMA HARE HARE

SMILE
WELCOME TO SOHO MARKET
376 WEST BROADWAY N.Y.



NOV 1980





The man who radiates good cheer, who makes life happier wherever he meets it, is always a man of vision and of faith. He sees the blossoming flower in the tiny seed, the silver lining to every cloud, and a beautiful tomorrow in the darkest today.

Good cheer is something more than faith in the future, it is gratitude for the past and joy in the present. Life for all of us has its hardships and disappointments. It is out of such stuff as this that human character is made. But after all this world is a pretty good place and we at least owe each other the courtesy of a smiling face and the inspiration of a cheery word.

To go about our work with pleasure, to greet others with a word of encouragement, to be happy in the present and confident of the future, this is to have achieved some measure of success in living.

excerpt from The Book of Good Cheer copyright 1913